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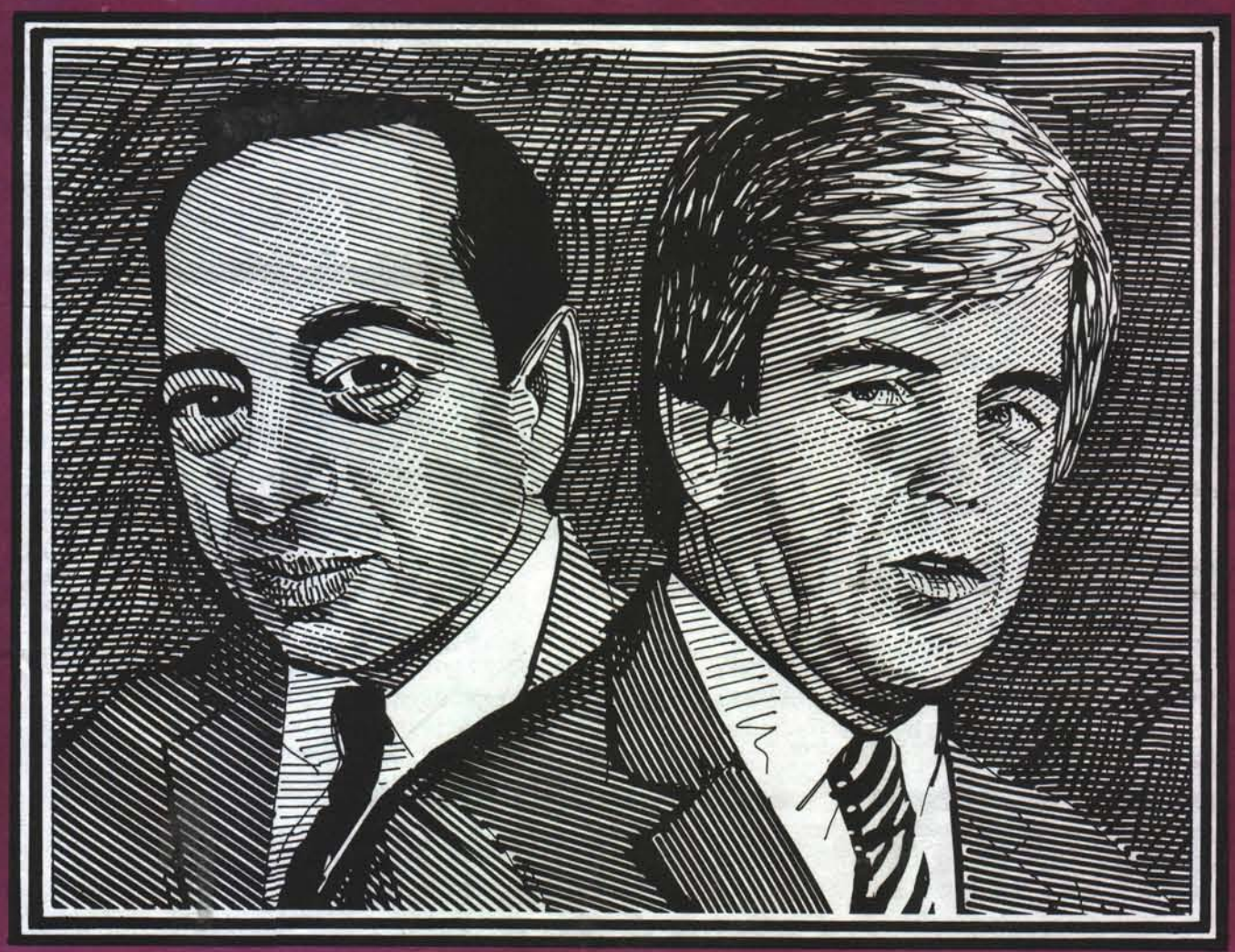
THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR®

VOL. 17 NOVEMBER 1984 NO. 11

William Tucker: Breadwinner Feminism

Gregory A. Fossedal: "Answer It, Ferraro!"

Richard Grenier, Karl O'Lessker: Cuomo and Kemp in 1988



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A MONTHLY REVIEW EDITED BY R. EMMETT TYRRELL, JR.

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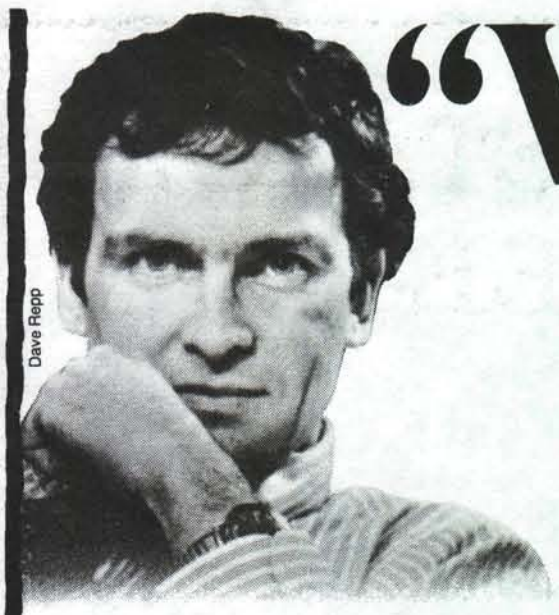
Dave Repp

"What joy!"

says Malcolm Muggeridge, welcoming the new frontal assault on American liberalism by "the funniest political essayist to come along in years"—*Tom Wolfe*

The founder and editor-in-chief of *The American Spectator*, having brilliantly dissected *Public Nuisances* in his book of that title, now goes beyond *Homo liberalis* to examine what he believes are the frequently incoherent, often infantile (and nearly always dangerous) ideas of the New Age Liberals.

THE LIBERAL CRACK-UP probes "the palpable absurdity of the major ideas of our time... now hardened into a cheap orthodoxy, so obvious and vulgar that almost anyone could master it and mouth its dunderheaded pieties."

With the flashing wit and flawlessly documented accuracy that is his trademark, Emmett Tyrrell covers the whole sorry spectrum of melancholia and moral goose-stepping, using prominent liberals' own words, deeds, and singular affronts to common sense to make his points on everything and everyone, including...

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☛ THE THIRD WORLD... "The most comprehensive lie was that there resided in the Third World the answers to all the problems facing the West, from alienation to nuclear war to spastic colitis. The lie appealed to all the constituents of the New Age: the hypochondriacs, the prophets of doom, the nature lovers, the enemies of the throwaway bottle."

☛ BETTY FRIEDAN AND THE FEMINISTS..."Since the 1960s this dreadful gasbag had harangued an entire generation of young women and left millions of them miserable... Feminism could not claim finally to have triumphed, for it never reach agreement on precisely what it wanted. It was, alas, incoherent."

☛ THE ANTI-NUKES... "Looking back on the debate over nuclear energy, one is staggered by the vast nonsensicality of the thing: Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis* performed by a chorus and orchestra of chimpanzees..."

☛ FOREIGN POLICY... "The New Age Liberal would negotiate any indignity, anywhere, for any amount of time, notwithstanding the fact that as he negotiated his pockets were being picked and his shoelaces tied together."

☛ BLACK ANTI-SEMITISM... "When a black Atlantan was arrested and charged [with the murders of black children in Atlanta] Mayor Marion Barry of our nation's capital justified the charges of racism, explaining that had the children 'been Jewish, the Federal government would have moved faster.' Jewish? Why Jewish? Why not simply white or rich or famous? Atlanta was the sad culmination of more than a decade of sham."

☛ THE TUBE..."Television has preempted reality in the minds of millions. When Laurence Olivier played Hamlet he was never asked to testify before Parliament on domestic political conditions in Denmark. Today in America Alan Alda, who played an army surgeon on M*A*S*H, has lectured to medical schools, and Ed Asner, who played a city editor on *Lou Grant*, has lectured a meeting of journalists on 'investigative journalism.'"

☛ ANDREW YOUNG... "Andy found racism everywhere, even in Abraham Lincoln... Yet Andy found no hint of racism in Arab lands. Nor did Jesse Jackson, nor the members of the Black Caucus. The new black leaders recognized the Arab lands as true brothers engaged in one of the great liberation movements of modern times–namely: the liberation of dollars from Western banks."

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"Incisive, timely, important. A major neo-conservative voice of the new generation."

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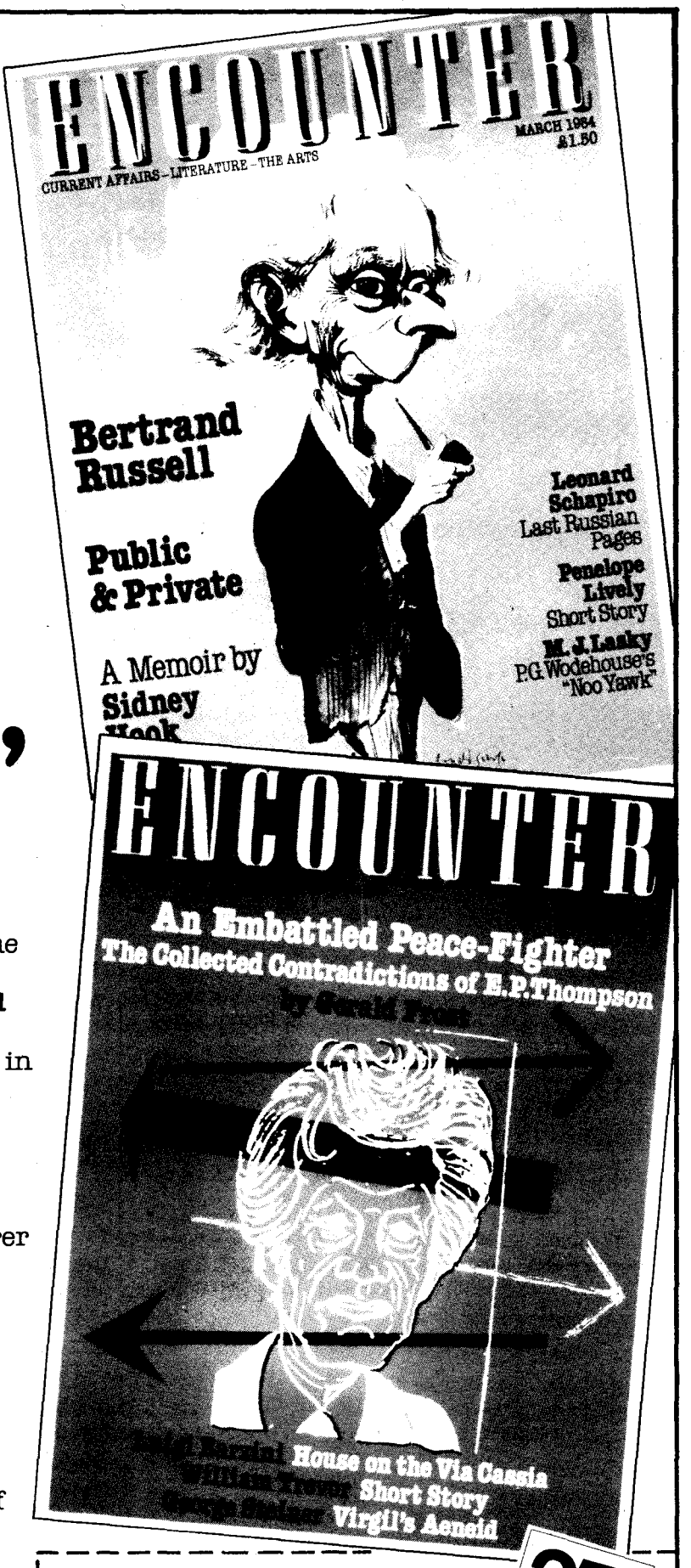

So one of Britain's leading political commentators, **Peregrine Worsthorne,** wrote of ENCOUNTER in 1983, shortly before the magazine's 30th anniversary. He was echoing the opinion of the **International Herald Tribune** ("Encounter ... one of the few great beacons of English-language journalism"), of **George Will** in **Newsweek** ("indispensable"), of **Bernard Levin** in the **London Times** ("never produces an edition without something in it that is well worth reading and not to be found elsewhere") ... and many others.

As if to demonstrate its continuing vitality, ENCOUNTER celebrated its 30th anniversary with a radical redesign. Larger format ... colourful eye-catching covers ... better paper and clearer type.

The contents, however, have not changed. Jeane Kirkpatrick's challenging interview with George Urban on American Foreign Policy, Francis Watson on the Gandhi film, Zbigniew Brzezinski on the Tragic Dilemmas of Soviet World Power, Sidney Hook's Memoir of Bertrand Russell, Richard Lowenthal on Karl Marx, short stories by William Trevor, Clive Sinclair, A.S. Byatt and Penelope Lively, authoritative reviews of political, history, film and theatre books ... all these recent contributions are in ENCOUNTER's established tradition of first-class journalism, its unique blend of current affairs, literature and the arts.

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Volume 17, Number 11, November 1984

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The American Spectator was founded in 1924 by George Nathan and Truman Newberry over a cheap domestic ale in McSorley's Old Ale House. In 1967 the Saturday Evening Club took it over, rechristening it *The Alternative: An American Spectator*; but by November 1977 the word "alternative" had acquired such an esoteric fragrance that in order to discourage unsolicited manuscripts from florists, beauticians, and other creative types the Club reverted to the magazine's original name. *The American Spectator* is now published monthly at 102 West Sixth Street, Bloomington, Indiana. Second class postage paid at Bloomington, Indiana, and additional mailing offices.

A one-year subscription (12 issues) costs $21, outside the United States $25. Foreign airmail rates sent on request. All correspondence (manuscripts, subscriptions, threatening letters, federal grants, etc.) should be sent to *The American Spectator*, P.O. Box 1969, Bloomington, Indiana 47402. (812) 334-2715. Unsolicited manuscripts must be accompanied by self-addressed stamped envelopes. U.S.A. newsstand distribution by Eastern News Distributors, Inc., 111 Eighth Ave., New York, NY 10011.

ISSN 0148-8414. Published remarkably without regard to sex, lifestyle, race, color, creed, physical handicap, or national origin.

POSTMASTER: Send address changes to: The American Spectator, P.O. Box 1969, Bloomington, IN 47402 (see form on Classified page).

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CORRESPONDENCE

Gay Times

Not explained in Patrick J. Buchanan and J. Gordon Muir's "Gay Times and Diseases" (*TAS,* August 1984) is how homosexual behavior by itself is probably alone responsible for re-creating new diseases, such as AIDS.

Virtually every animal species has several extremely virulent and highly fatal inborn viruses that regularly re-appear and wipe out entire populations all at once. Only humans don't have such lethal recurrent viral pandemics (flu is our worst) and there's a good reason:

Viruses can't live outside their host animals for very long. The main pathway for a virus to go from one animal to another is through feces, usually by intraspecies' mouth-to-anus contact. But millions of years ago, man alone began to abandon the practice still enjoyed by other animals, of sniffing, licking, and otherwise putting his mouth near his neighbor's anus.

Naturally, those human societies which condemned such contact as taboo quickly became much healthier than those which didn't and in the normal course of natural selection, the former survived as the human norm at the expense of the latter. As for the disease itself, with no easy way to go from host to host, many fatal viruses, dependent upon this route of contagion, either died out or were, more likely, reduced to sub-clinical levels in the human population.

The effect was similar to the virtual wiping out, during more recent times, of bacterial pandemics due to yet another uniquely human custom, also now taken for granted, and that is public sanitation. Thus, it would be no surprise to see certain "extinct" diseases, such as typhus, cholera, and plague suddenly reappear in a town which (let's say for religious reasons), decided to throw its garbage and toilet waste back into the public streets again.

Likewise, it is today no surprise to those who understand epidemiology to see that when a small population among us decides to revive the sub-human practice of mouth-to-anus contact, the way homosexuals do, that a heretofore unknown but not truly extinct virus, such as AIDS, should suddenly reappear in that population. Thus, AIDS virus, subclinical and imperceptible for millenia (because of denial, by human custom, of its best route of host-to-host transmission), suddenly reappears virulently as a direct consequence of the renewed practice of mouth-to-feces contact by homosexuals.

This is why the claim that AIDS "isn't anyone's fault" is so phony. There is not only a solid scientific argument that these sub-human practices revived by homosexuals can actually re-create "new" diseases, but also that it doesn't take more than just them doing it to re-create "new" human pandemics which eventually could infect us all.

—H. Peter Metzger, Ph.D.
Boulder, Colorado

Heterosexuals in the U.S. annually kill off 1.5 million of their preborn children in an attempt to control the "disease" of pregnancy. Herpes, gonorrhea, and syphillis are rampant among them. They are carriers of incalculable numbers of infectious agents. Surely Mr. Patrick J. Buchanan and Dr. J. Gordon Muir, "Gay Times and Diseases," can deduce from this some shrill and hysterical arguments for the repeal of the Bill of Rights.

Why must the debate among conservatives regarding the "Gay Rights" issue descend to screams of "disease, plague, and epidemic." Gay rights *per se* are without merit. Nevertheless when the debate over this issue is reduced to scenarios of death and contamination, reasonable discourse is impossible. All of the statistics cited in the article can be applied proportionately to certain segments of the heterosexual populace. Yet just as in this populace, so in the homosexual populace the majority are not promiscuous or diseased. In the tone of this article, one is reminded of the more extreme elements of the environmental movement, trembling with prophecies of doom lest some new pollutant enter the atmosphere.

Conservative discussion of this issue is emotional and melodramatic. Why on this one issue does moderation and reasonable argument seem to escape consideration? The answer may be that conservative leaders, who personally know better, allow the rabble to have this one nasty bigotry for fear they will lose their support on other issues that really matter. So be it. But spare us, your readers, such shrill essays. We have come to expect better.

—J. Kevin Barry
New York, New York

I have read with gasping disbelief the Buchanan-Muir article, "Gay Times and Diseases." I am shocked that a publication dedicated to truth and valid information would pay for and publish this tissue of untruth and innuendo. The article states that there is "good evidence" to support the idea of life-style changes for homosexuals. I suggest that no such *valid* study exists anywhere. If it does why is it not referenced in the article? In another statement worthy of Hitler's propaganda the article suggests that AIDS may be a threat to continued existence of human life on earth. The authors then make "an intelligent guess" that gays are also responsible for hepatitis. Where are the studies to support these reckless statements? I can only conclude from the above-mentioned references that Buchanan and Muir are associating with the wrong homosexuals, and I resent the suggestion that they are in any way qualified to make judgments regarding the homosexual community. I and my lover of 15 years have never been to a bath house (or, Messrs. Buchanan and Muir, to a whore house either). We are both college graduates with graduate degrees. We are both Republicans and financial supporters of the Republican party. Our closest gay friends have been together for 22 and 29 years respectively. In addition to maintaining successful, professional careers we find time to visit hospitals and nursing homes, and we always extend whatever help we can to whomever is in need regardless of their sexual preference. Sister Boom-Boom is no more typical of the gay community than Sam Donaldson is typical of the world of arts and letters. We are denied the right to a support organization at Southern Methodist University because they find us to be "at variance" with their "Christian" philosophy, although atheists, Hindus, and Buddhists are permitted such organizations. Mr. "Gay Dallas" is discharged from a dreary little job not for being gay but for daring to be publicly gay. In Maine young punks go free without even posting bond after committing murder, because their victim happens to be gay. We are denied the advantage of filing joint income-tax returns. We are discriminated against in virtually every financial, insurance, and tax-related transaction simply for being "single."

This hateful article concludes with a quotation from a virtually unknown historian regarding morality. I will happily submit the standards of decency and morality of any of my friends and employees to comparison with those of anyone else in the world. We are as good as (and yes, perhaps better than) the Buchanans and the Muirs whether they like it or not. I suggest that Buchanan and Muir are not truly concerned with morality anyway; it is fear that feeds their bloated emotions and hatred that corrupts their otherwise sound intellects. Fear not lads, we want neither your disease-free, pristine bodies nor your precious children. Because we are Americans we *will have* the unquestioned rights of Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness. Perhaps a more appropriate quote from a nineteenth-century writer would be: "Cruel the power that bids us live our lives devoid of grace; cruel the world that gives not every love its place."

—Richard Edwards
Dallas, Texas

J. Gordon Muir replies:

In reply to Dr. Peter Metzger's letter, I can only agree that common forms of gay sexual activity are clearly insanitary. Insanitary practices conducted in large, urban populations where symptomless disease carriers are common will obviously lead to epidemics (hepatitis B, gay bowel syndrome, etc., and now AIDS). As to how the causative agent(s) of AIDS entered the homosexual community is a matter of speculation. I would call to Dr. Metzger's attention a recent article in the *British Medical Journal*—"AIDS: An Old Disease from Africa?" (August 4, 1981).

In reply to J. Kevin Barry, it seems clear that he missed the point of our article, which was to point out that the homosexual lifestyle as modally practiced is demonstrably a harmful, if not dangerous, public health hazard. The article was largely factual. In that respect I would point out that the "modal form" of sexual behavior in the gay community *is* (or *was* until recently) frequent, impersonal sexual contact. And yes, the majority of the gay community probably now have a history (knowingly or otherwise) of homosexual venereal disease of one kind or another. For starters, Mr. Barry is recommended the following reading: 1) Darrow, W.W. et al: "The Gay Report on Sexually Transmitted Disease," *American Journal of Public Health* 71: 1004, 1981; 2) William, D.C.: "Hepatitis and Other Sexually Transmitted Diseases in Gay Men and

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Lesbians," *Sexually Transmitted Diseases* 8 (supp): 330, 1981; 3) Wilcox, R.R.: "Sexual Behavior and Sexually Transmitted Disease Patterns in Male Homosexuals," *British Journal of Venereal Diseases* 57: 167, 1981; 4) Harry, J., de Vall, W.B.: *The Social Organization of Gay Males* (New York: Praeger, 1978). Now if Mr. Barry wants to see a real example of "shrillness" and "bigotry" he should read the letter from Mr. Edwards in this issue and perhaps re-read his own (by the way, one of the aims of the framers of the Constitution was to promote the general welfare).

To Mr. Edwards I can only extend pity that he chooses to put his name to the nonsense he has written. For

(*continued on page 47*)

THE CONTINUING CRISIS

•September has vanished, and wherever the Hon. Mondale campaigns these thankless days he declaims: "I'm not trying to get elected President by hiding from the American people." Perhaps the time has come for hiding. If the polls tell us anything it is that the more he campaigns the lower he slumps in the esteem of the electorate. Possibly he should return to North Oaks, Minnesota and conduct the kind of front porch campaign that served the great Harding so well and McKinley before that. If this strategy proves ineffectual, let him try the back porch; and let him bring his friend Mr. Andrei Gromyko with him. So desperate had Mr. Mondale become by the end of September that a photo session with the Soviet foreign minister seemed helpful, and it tells us something about the prudence of Mr. Mondale's foreign policy that the Soviet diplomat was eager to assist him.

•The senescence of Graham Greene continues to be exploited by unscrupulous journalists. This month his gaga corpse was quoted in London's *Sunday Observer* as having said that Ronald Reagan is "a menace . . . as extreme as anyone in the Kremlin" and that Americans are "noisy and incredibly ignorant of the world." Well, perhaps he did, but he probably also said that he had quite forgotten who put his shoes on the morning of the interview and that his trousers were once again inexplicably sopping wet. Imagine, describing the average Americano as "noisy." Has the old boy forgotten tea time at Brown's Hotel with all the mule-faced English ladies yakking idiotically as they wolf down the low-grade victuals that on that esurient isle pass for delicacies? Mr. Greene's only justification for describing the Americano as noisy is that by comparison the British male is quite restrained, usually owing to the fact that he is so unaccustomed to speaking in mixed company and that, be he like Mr. Green a disciple of leftist flumdiddle, he now has no one left to listen to him. The heliomaniacs of the state of Washington are triumphant after having the National Park service install a $30,000 solar-powered comfort station atop Mount Rainier. The expensive contraption is the epitome of New Age Liberal idealism, its advocates even having rejected the Reaganites' plans for fitting it with pay toilets in fulfillment of their pay-as-you-go philosophy. In Oklahoma City Mr. David Johns Bryson, a convicted rapist who was arrested after Dr. Jon Tillinghast notified police that he had treated the man for a severe bite on the genitals, is suing the doctor for $2.5 million in damages, claiming that Dr. Tillinghast's unauthorized report led to his unfortunate jugging.

•Sports fans throughout the West were disappointed when Iran again delayed its long-awaited offensive against Iraq, both powers settling instead for the more conventional Islamic tactic of ambushing civilian tankers in the Persian Gulf. In London an Iranian diplomat discomfited residents of an unusually quiet neighborhood by slaughtering a sheep in a curbside ritual in front of his domicile, and now there is evidence that the Ayatollah's holy disciples may have infiltrated the Louisiana Department of Wildlife and Fisheries. Two members of the Department sent to a Baton Rouge shopping center to free three baby raccoons from a trash dumpster clubbed them to death much to the astonishment of shoppers, dozens of whom had gathered 'round the dumpster with their expectant tots all hoping to see the cute little arboreal Carnivora gambol off into the nearby wilderness. But no, *thwack, thwack,* and these professionally trained conservationists had created coonburger.

•More lascivious pictures of the former Miss America, Vanessa Williams, have appeared in *Penthouse* magazine, and now come reports that somehow the foul Mr. Guccione has procured shots of Miss Williams scantily clad in leather and chains for his January issue. Nonetheless the plucky beauty vows to clear her name, having declared in the September 10 issue of *People,* ". . . I am not a slut, and somehow I am going to make people believe me." Perhaps she could realize her goal by claiming that she is an intellectual, inattentive to matters of dress, and more absorbed with philosophical inquiries into questions of the sublime and the beautiful or of supply-side economics. Former President Jimmy Carter turned up in Harlem, hammer in hand, to rebuild a derelict tenement dwelling and to give personal testimony to some weird facet of his New Age Christian esotery. It was goofball Carter at his best, dressed like a garbage man, smiling like a lunatic, promising to take his tool box next to Nicaragua where "We've got a lot of friends. . . . We want the folks down there to know that some American Christians love them and that we don't all hate them." That piece of impertinence notwithstanding, late in the month Jimmy went into a dreadful snit when he perceived the President's remarks on the September 20 bombing of our Beirut Embassy as a criticism of the Carter Administration's stewardship of the Central Intelligence Agency. So fevered did he become that the President rushed to placate him with a telephone call. Yet did Mr. Carter ever apologize for his Nicaraguan yawp or for criticizing a sitting American President during Mr. Carter's trip to Japan? Hem, hem.

•In a follow-up on one of the most memorable stories ever to appear in this column, Miss Linda Jean Loftin, the lesbian who fathered a child (Sparkle Christel) by artificially inseminating her lover (Miss Mary Elizabeth Flournoy) with a turkey baster fortified with semen from her brother (Opel Ronald), has been granted visitation privileges. The couple broke up in 1980, probably owing to the continual publicity that followed their simple proclamation of love on "The Phil Donahue Show" with Phil earnestly presiding. Though Miss Loftin had paid child support over the years, young Sparkle Christel's mother would not allow visitation privileges, fearing as she did for Sparkle's moral life. Now things have changed, and thanks to the Solomonic wisdom of Alameda County Superior Court Judge Demetrius P. Agretalis, the Republic's first turkey-baster-conceived love child will have a proper male role model.

•Peace groups derived surprisingly little comfort from the Navy's admission that between a quarter and a third of its Sidewinder and Sparrow missiles are unserviceable. Mr. William Rider became the first husband in U.S. history to be convicted of raping his wife, despite the fact that feminists have argued passionately that every child in the land is the offspring of a rapist. And Washington's virtue patrols led by the upright Senator Howard Metzenbaum, a parking lot millionaire, may be turning their scrutiny on Mr. Jacob A. Stein. Mr. Stein, whose Adlai Stevenson bow ties had for years placed him above suspicion in the Washington community, is the independent counsel who issued a 385-page report last month vindicating White House counsel Edwin Meese of all charges and rumors against him, including the cuff-link caper.

•Finally, not only did Mr. Truman Capote have the bad grace to die while being a house guest at the home of Johnny Carson's ex-wife, but in his will the cad established an annual award for literary criticism. The prize is to be called "The Truman Capote Award for Literary Criticism in Memory of Newton Arvin," and apparently Mr. Arvin, a critic and author, will have to live with this infamy for the rest of his life. Truman, you rascal!

—RET

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EDITORIALS

WINDY MORALIZERS

by R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

Last month, when the Democrats' great hope addressed the issue of religion in politics and bragged that the United States is "the most religious nation on earth," I hope none of the venerable mullahs in faraway Iran got wind of it. They can be very touchy; and with gongs going off all over, calling every wretch in their theocracy to his prayer rug, these holy men can make a very good case that theirs is the most religious nation of all. For that matter, throughout the Islamic crescent and in such exotic parts as black Africa and the Indian subcontinent, there are thousands of mullahs, swamis, and other such notables presiding over lands full of piety and numinous things. To be sure, many Americans are very religious, but is this really "the most religious nation"? Come, come.

One expects hypocrisy and cant on the campaign trail, but on this question of religion in politics there has been nothing else. Here is a debate in which hardly an accurate statement has been heard, including the President's August 23 claim that "morality's foundation is religion." That would be news to Plato. As for today, religion may be the moral foundation for many but not for those honorable atheists and agnostics for whom religion, as commonly defined, has no usefulness whatsoever.

Of all the debates fevering this political campaign not even the fairness debate is more awash in balderdash. The pols are to be congratulated. They have taken a serious matter and rendered it almost wholly nonsensical.

Walter objects to Ron's bringing religion into politics, though it is not clear to me that Ron committed any such infamy. Walter never complained when his old boss, Jimmy Carter, addressed this same Christian crowd. Nor did Walter object when the Catholic bishops, claiming to answer religion's call, got into the disarmament debate. Of course they entered on Walter's side.

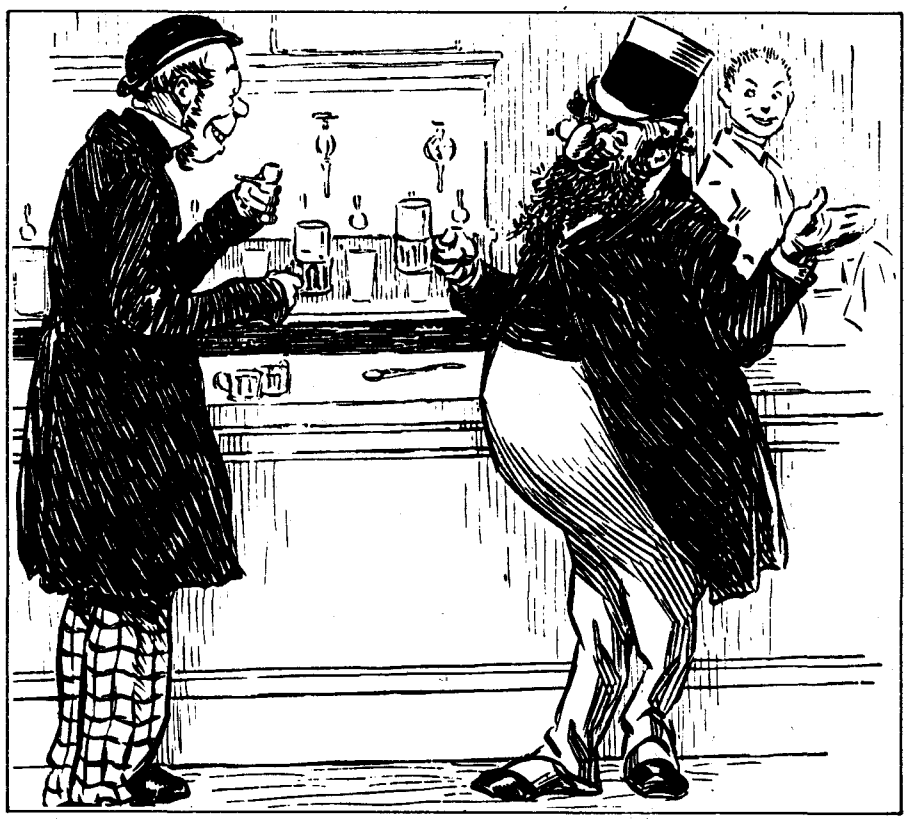
Of those of us who were on the other side and who wore no clerical collar it was a no-win debate. Appeasers among the clergy exploited the prestige of their holy orders strenuously, and when a poor columnist such as myself questioned their judgment and knowledge of national security matters he was given the bum's rush. Suddenly I was accused of being anti-Catholic and of denying the reverend clergy their First Amendment rights. Meanwhile, bishops and priests ably abetted by ministers and rabbis hummed along, insisting on the superiority of their insights into the arms race, a superiority denied those of us not versed in theological matters and moral conundrums.

Walter spoke admiringly last month of "the wall our founders placed between government and religion," yet for two decades it has rarely been the religious who have encroached on that wall. Rather it has been the political zealots, particularly those who are happy to call themselves progressives. It is they who have gone into areas of settled morality and slammed down their innovations with no consideration for the sincerely held religious scruples of millions of traditional Christians and Jews, not to mention non-religious types who liked things as they were.

Not only have these so-called progressives disregarded the scruples of others, but on private matters such as abortion and sex education they have also insisted that those in opposition pick up some of the bills. This is insensitivity to the point of intolerance. For those who were forced to watch their laws being turned against them, usually through decidedly undemocratic methods, surely some accommodations could have been made, say, by allowing mandatory waiting periods for abortion and by having sex education segregated from curriculums and made optional.

Returning to my earlier point, I doubt Ronald Reagan has committed the infamy Walter suggests. In 1976 Jimmy Carter introduced evangelical Christians to politics after noting their growing concern over the progressives' encroachments on their values. It is very amusing to see Walter inflamed over political moralizers. He is one of the windiest moralizers of all. The plight of the throwaway bottle is a moral matter to him as was energy policy during the Carter Administration. Now Walter tells us he is worried about the government's "looking over your shoulder." Under his old boss it was adjusting your thermostat. In faraway Iran you will find the moralizers more consistent. □

Adapted from RET's weekly Washington Post *column syndicated by King Features.*



WITH THE FIRST BARTENDER

Dear Mr. President:

Drinks at 4:45 at your place? Just you, me, and a few of the colleagues from the Washington press corps? It will not be easy. I am expected at dinner in New York at 9:00, and you know how often planes are delayed along that flight route, what with all the lobbyists, lawyers, and other such modern-day prestidigitators flying to and from the site of the U.S. Treasury. Nonetheless, I shall be there. Next to barbers, bartenders are my favorite public servants, and as a taxpayer I have a keen interest in the artistry of the White House bartender, or, as we in the press might say, the First Bartender.

You must be aware that my acceptance is very "controversial." Many of the colleagues worry that you and even your Democratic opponent are denying the press access, frequent "off-the-record" soirées being only one of your strategems. They believe that off-the-record meetings limit our opportunities to report "the news." They fear that by schmoozing with us in this way you endanger our virtue to the point that we may be enchanted into becoming

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little more than disguised press secretaries. Well, they raise a tricky issue here, so when we meet, no funny business. The last time we were together you shook my hand rather excessively and spoke vaguely of making me ambassador to Monaco, or was it Malibu? At any rate, this time I shall have my guard up.

What makes the matter of the journalists' proximity to the pols so tricky is that the journalists want it both ways: They want to be friends with the pols and they want to be adversaries too. Many want to advance their careers by exploiting intimate contact with the pols. Though they do not want to be used, they want to be free to use others. Peregrine Worsthorne, the seasoned deputy editor of London's *Sunday Telegraph,* frequently derides the American press's chumminess with the pols, and with very good reason. The relationship lacks a clear set of ethics. One minute the pol is being reported as having a small sense of humor. The next minute his ribald jokes are being reported on page one, and he is undone.

The colleagues have plenty of cause to fear your charms. Your predecessors, particularly the alphabet presidents, FDR, JFK and LBJ, were legendary seducers of the press, but it is really up to us to maintain our integrity, is it not? Let the First Bartender prepare for me the most ingratiating cocktail ever imagined. It is my obligation to remain clear-headed. You may tantalize me with promises and honors; it is my responsibility to ascertain the truth and to ferret out the news.

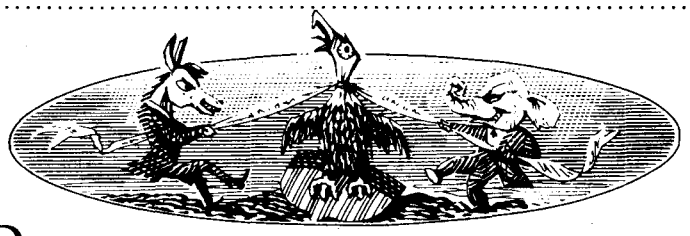
Here we come to the trickiest matter of all, what is "the news"? No journalist has ever given me a satisfactory definition. As far as I have been able to judge, the news is what the press barons and the wizards of broadcast news say it is. If they decide that Congresswoman Ferraro's tax returns are news that is what the public will be presented. If they decide that her husband's contacts with unsavory men of enterprise are not news, the public will remain in the dark.

Truth be known, what passes for news nowadays is increasingly only gossip and bizarrerie. Recently some of the colleagues thought the fact that you wear sweat pants on Air Force One was a capital news story, and despite your staff's objections one of the press services carried a photograph of you in this incongruous ensemble. I think it was an invasion of your privacy, so dress anyway you like when we meet. As long as your dress does not affect public business it is none of the public's concern.

Some among the colleagues argue that this penchant for off-the-record meetings hinders us in our sacred duty to goad public officials into colossal botches or into blurting out what "they really think." Once again we see the baneful influence of old Freud. Journalists ought not to aspire to being psychoanalysts. What you really think is much less important than what you are doing with the government. Your thoughts may be very pretty jewels or grim hunks of coal, but until they are uttered as statements of policy or principle they are private matters, interesting only to eavesdroppers.

So then, it will be drinks and palaver at 4:45. I shall enter the Oval Office unafraid, and leave pretty much the same as when I arrived, for my career is not beholden to leaks. □

CAPITOL IDEAS



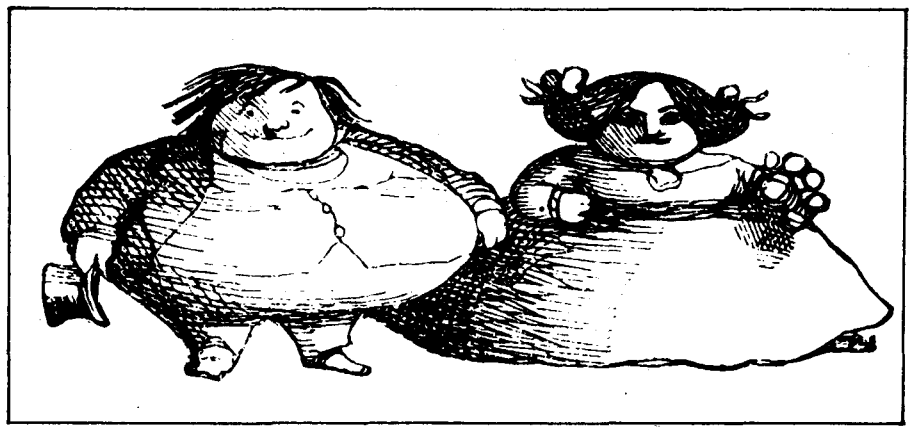
PERSONALLY OPPOSED

by Tom Bethell

Normally the bow-tied and the pointy-headed and their running media lapdogs do a brilliant job of setting the policy course and holding firmly to it no matter how the populace might toss and storm. (Decreeing, for example, with only a few fake "polls" as evidence, that the people are in a state of deficit panic; or that there is an "immigration crisis.") But presidential campaigns can establish a different, outside-the-beltway agenda. Things are turned over to the hoi polloi for a say in the grand enterprise of government, although many here wish there were some way around that irritating constitutional requirement. Elections somehow force the wrong issues to surface.

Look at the religion-and-politics flap. *Not* welcome in Washington, I can assure you. The attitude here is: By all means, keep prayer out of public school, keep abortion legal, put Jerry Falwell in his place, provide family planning money for the Third World so that the darkies don't overrun us in the 1990s; by all means do all these things—but please, do not encourage or even permit explicit debate on these issues. They are better thought of as settled and beyond debate. That way it won't be necessary to defend policy terrain that has been captured by stealth.

The religion-and-government tempest was interesting because it was unsought: not on anyone's agenda. Certainly the media had no desire to make an issue of it. Nor did the White House. I think what happened was that President Reagan gave his Dallas ecumenical prayer breakfast speech (unexceptionable enough, but including the feisty and correct observation that "those who are attacking religion" do so in "the name of tolerance" when they are really "intolerant of religion"), and the next thing that happened was that we began to hear the usual ventriloquized muttering and murmuring from the West Wing of the White House. Then the press began to play up this internal mini-conflict ("frankly, the President's *own people* are not comfortable with the speech . . . "), and this in turn signaled to Mondale's Praetorian Guard: Weakness. The White House is divided. Maybe we can force them into an embarrassing retreat-cum-apology. So Mondale turned up the volume on the issue. He spoke out, as they say. But in the end that was a mistake because he came across as being a tiny bit anti-religion, while Reagan was left comfortably holding the pro-religion banner.



Soon enough there were mitres and crowers all over your TV screen, with the Archbishops of New York and Boston weighing in with (long overdue) criticisms of Geraldine Ferraro, who says she is a Roman Catholic, but who is also personally-opposed-to-abortion-but. The Archbishop of Boston declared that abortion is a "primordial evil," and the Archbishop of New York declared that Mrs. (Personally Opposed) Ferraro had personally misrepresented church teaching. The Bishop of Scranton popped up next, saying that Mrs. P-O's position on abortion was "ridiculous."

Pretty soon you had Walter Mondale on the screen saying I do *not* want religion to be the issue in this campaign, and you had Geraldine Ferraro saying I do *not* want abortion to be the issue in this campaign . . . and the within-the-beltway types were beginning to get very uncomfortable indeed.

Tom Bethell is The American Spectator*'s Washington correspondent.*

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All of which leads one to ask: Who was the cunning fellow inside the White House who pulled the ju-jitsu maneuver, feigning weakness on the issue and pretending to stumble, only to drag the clumsy Mondale to the ground? Probably Mike Deaver, is what I'm told. Who would have guessed he could be such a brilliant strategist? Admittedly there are one or two in the White House who would not swear that he foresaw all the moves exactly. But let's at least give him the credit, and the benefit of the doubt.

Whoever and however, it serves Mondale right. He thought that with a Quisling Catholic he could both appease the NOWfolk and the libberlobby, *and* win the Catholic vote in one fell swoop: In my view Mrs. Ferraro is a disgraceful figure on whose behalf the media have risen to new heights of hypocrisy. They have in fact undertaken what can only be called a rescue operation and a coverup. What about, for example, her claim to be "personally opposed" to abortion? The fiercely independent CBS reporter Phil Jones for one took this at face value, and told us on the "CBS Evening News" one night that she refuses to impose her "anti-abortion views" on the rest of us.

In January 1983 Ferraro appeared at a Family Planning Advocates conference (a pro-abortion group), and explained how she had actively sought to prohibit anti-abortion riders to appropriations bills. "There are a lot of people that we might be able to get on our side," she said, "if they only didn't have to [vote pro-abortion] every time an appropriations bill comes to the floor, and the right wing loonies in the House attach these riders to appropriations bills." She added that if her daughters (then aged 21 and 16) came to her "and said: 'Mom, I'm pregnant and I'm not going to have the baby,' I would say: 'Here's the money. Please go see a doctor.' "

Personally opposed but. . . . But faced with the prospect of an unwanted grandchild, the millionaire congresswoman would overcome her personal opposition and finance the abortion.

I rather doubt if the woman is telling the truth when she claims to be "personally opposed." She is evidently strongly in favor. But she has been allowed to get away with this deception because the press corps that covers up her campaign is in ideological sympathy with Ferraro on the issue. (Liberalism, as Joe Sobran says, is substance disguised as procedure.) The foregoing information about Ferraro's pro-abortion views have been available in *Life Letter,* in anti-abortion literature, in the Sun Myung Moon's *Washington Times*, and in Jean Frawley's excellent compendium of Ferraro's abortion record in the *Wall Street Journal* (editorial page). But still, the media's heavy guns have maintained a discreet silence on the shameful topic.

Imagine a candidate in 1960 saying that if his son wanted to open a segregated night club he would give him the money, but that at the same time he was "personally opposed" to segregation. Would you believe him?

Imagine a candidate in 1860 saying that if his son wanted to own a slave he would give him the money to buy one, but that at the same time he was "personally opposed" to slavery. Would you believe him?

Can you imagine the press being so degenerate and ideologically corrupt in either of those years as to let such insincere candidates get away with such absurd contradictions?

Well, that is what we have today. An ideologically corrupt press. Coverage of Mrs. Ferraro's campaign has been turned over to evident sycophants such as Ellen Hume (*Wall Street Journal*), and Eric Engberg ("CBS Evening News"), who would appear to have

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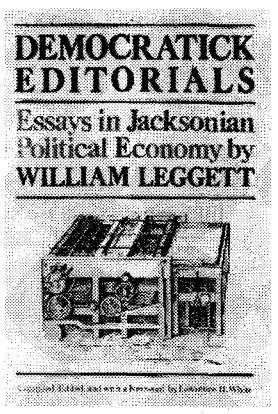

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By William Leggett

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applied for p.r. jobs in the Ferraro organization.

Then of course we have her husband's mobster links, almost too numerous to list in a column of print: the pornography distributor in the Zaccaro warehouse; the senior capo who was a tenant in another building; the campaign contributions from the convicted labor racketeer; the campaign manager who was a close associate of Anthony Scotto; and others. It became quite clear early in the campaign that there was an actual pattern of association here, not mere stereotyping based on associations with names that end in vowels (as Mrs. Personally Opposed tries to make out). But with a few exceptions (such as the *Philadelphia Inquirer,* and again, the Moonie papers) the media showed a positive aversion to finding out more or publicizing the above. In view of the possibility (depending on an election victory and a missed heart-beat) that this same John Zaccaro could soon be living at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, otherwise known as the White House, there was an obvious story here: one with Pulitzer potential, one would have thought.

Not only did the media not pursue it, but when two *Wall Street Journal* reporters stayed on the case, and came up with more associations, the response was actually to denounce the *WSJ* editorial page for running the piece. "Has Ferraro been the victim of a hit job?" inquired lefty Jonathan Alter in *Newsweek*. The *Washington Post* ran a story by Eleanor Randolph which contrived to impugn the editorial judgment of Robert Bartley, the *Wall Street Journal* editor ("Journal Article on Ferraro Family Background Stirs Up a Furor"), while demurely withholding from *Post* readers precisely those details that had made the "family" background of news interest in the first place. *Post* readers must have wondered what was going on exactly. The *Post* sure wasn't telling them.

The *WSJ* writers (Jonathan Kwitny and Anthony de Stefano) had concluded their piece by saying that "one can still conceive of explanations for all this that might raise rather than lower one's regard for this generation of Zaccaros and Ferraros. If such explanations are true, it would be good to hear them." But Mrs. F and Mr. Z have refused to answer the questions. And at that point we heard senior media figures singing a song that I honestly thought we would never hear. To wit: Because they have not talked, there is no story! Hang tough, in other words, and the press will back off. Here is Mr. Stewart Pinkerton, assistant managing editor of the *Wall Street Journal,* as paraphrased by the *New York Times*: According to Mr. Pinkerton, the newspaper's reporters, in pursuit of what was originally intended to be a news story, had tried unsuccessfully for several weeks to get responses from Mrs. Ferraro and Mr. Zaccaro on aspects of the article. Because the questions largely went unanswered, the article was not suitable for display as a news story, Mr. Pinkerton said.

Just keep your mouth shut in the future, then, and the press will decide that their suspicions are unjustified, that what they think is important isn't really a story after all. That's the excuse—and I don't believe it for a minute, because what we see here is an entirely new philosophy of news, conveniently coming along in Ferraro/Zaccaro's wake. They didn't treat White House counselor Ed Meese that way, did they? And they won't with the next Republican, I promise.

The story was dropped—and the judgment of those who pursued it actually impugned—because the great majority of those in the media are liberals, like Walter Mondale and Mrs. Ferraro, and they would like to see them elected in November. It's as simple as that and everyone knows it. Anyone who denies it will no doubt *also* tell you he is personally opposed to hypocrisy. □

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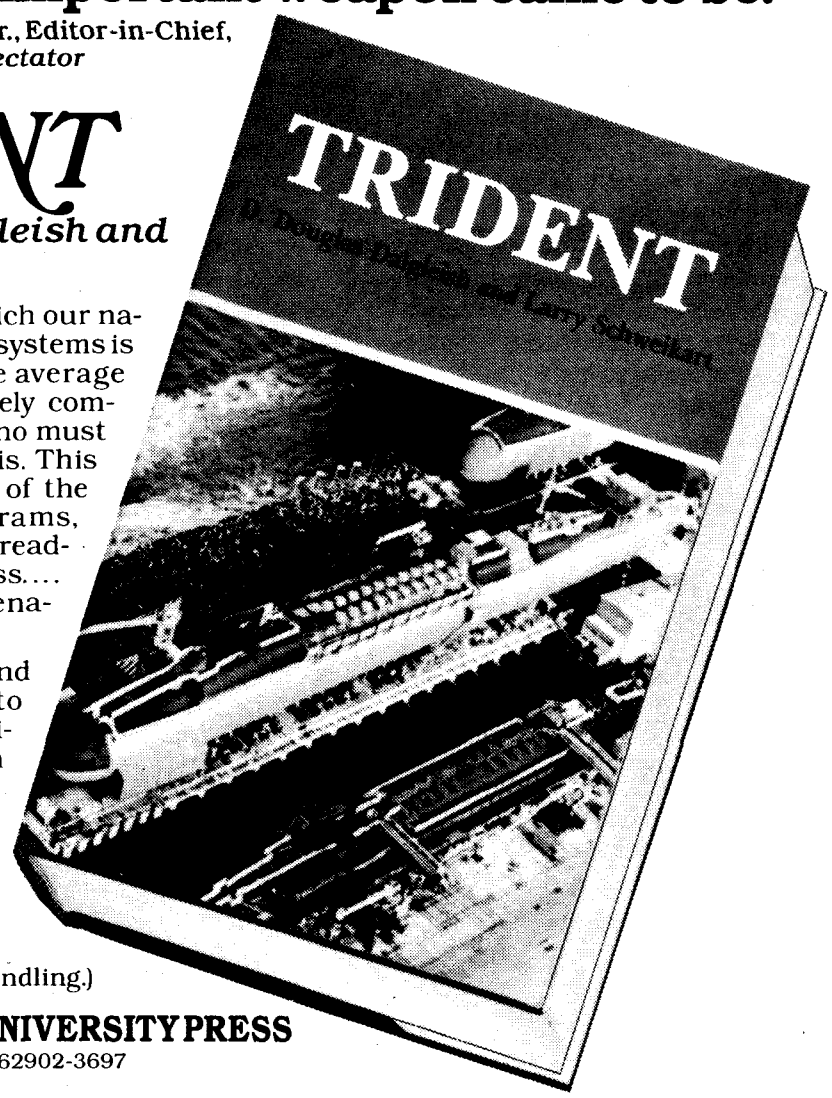

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Karl O'Lessker

THE KEMP PHENOMENON

No one accuses this Republican of dodging the issues.

Of the 435 members of the U.S. House of Representatives, the number who have major policy influence outside their own committee turf can be counted on the fingers of one hand: the Speaker, the Majority Leader, the Minority Leader . . . and Jack Kemp. What is surprising about Kemp's appearance on this list is that House members are simply not supposed to get the kind of media attention that makes such policy influence possible. Not only are they generally ignored by the media when they address issues for which they have no committee responsibility; the folkways and *mores* of the House itself strongly discourage them from doing so.

So Jack Kemp, the seven-term congressman from suburban Buffalo, is a very rare bird indeed. One of the architects of the supply-side tax cut of 1981 and of "enterprise zone" legislation, he is not a member of the Ways and Means Committee. One of the most outspoken critics of the Federal Reserve Board and advocates of a return to the gold standard, he is not a member of the Banking, Currency, and Housing Committee. Without being a member of the Foreign Affairs Committee he has served on a number of international bodies, most recently as senior counselor to the Kissinger Commission on Central America. And who but Kemp could have convened a "Pre-Williamsburg" international monetary conference last year numbering among its participants Secretary of State George Shultz, former Secretary Henry Kissinger, Treasury Secretary Donald Regan, the former Governor of the West German *Bundesbank,* and a dozen or so of the most eminent economists in America?

More obviously but equally odd, Kemp is a political powerhouse—on everybody's short list of the leading contenders for the Republican presidential nomination in 1988. What other House member in recent times has loomed so large in the presidential sweepstakes? Morris Udall ran a decent race in 1976 but was never regarded as anything but a long-shot. Wilbur Mills dropped out of the 1972 campaign almost as soon as it began. You have to go back half a century, to John Nance Garner of Texas, who as House Speaker in 1932 made it all the way to the convention in his contest with Franklin D. Roosevelt. In fact the last time a man who had forged his reputation in the House won a presidential election was 1896—William McKinley—and even he was a governor at the time of his nomination. So the House has been anything but a breeding-ground for potential Presidents. Why then Jack Kemp?

His beginnings in elective politics, in 1970, were by no means auspicious. Running in a marginally Republican district against an obscure local official and a badly split Democratic party, enjoying enthusiastic White House aid and professional campaign management, Kemp just barely managed to squeak through with 52 percent of the vote. But that was his last close race. From 1972 on, he has never received less than 72 percent and has averaged 79 percent. (Republican presidential candidates running in Kemp's district in 1972, 1976, and 1980 averaged under 55 percent.)

But while a strong home political base may be necessary for eminence, it is hardly enough. The House office buildings are full of people who regularly win re-election by huge margins and who run well ahead of their parties in doing so. Nor is it a matter of adding intelligence, energy, and ambition to electoral success in order to achieve the degree of political power Kemp now enjoys. There are others, even if not many, who could play with him in that league yet who remain unknown outside Washington and their own constituencies.

One advantage that Kemp did enjoy over other aspiring national politicians was his football fame. As an outstanding professional quarterback—an American Football League all-star and MVP who led his teams to three AFL titles—he had the kind of name-recognition only a handful of newly minted politicians have ever had. So, once elected to Congress, it was easier for a Jack Kemp than for a Joe Doaks to gain the media's attention.

But even that will not do as an explanation of Kemp's present stature. In fact he languished in low-seniority obscurity for his first couple of terms in Congress, a period long enough for his football fame to have faded. And when he finally did vault to national *political* prominence, his springboard was an idea—an idea whose time was soon to come. That idea, of course, was supply-side economics and its policy incarnation the Kemp-Roth tax cut bill of 1977.

Kemp's first venture into economic policy-making had come two years earlier with an investment-stimulus bill he called the Jobs Creation Act. In essence it was a Republican alternative to the execrable Humphrey-Hawkins bill, and Kemp eventually succeeded in rounding up 136 co-sponsors for it. At first no one thought of it as anything particularly new in the realm of economic ideas: Its thrust was to offer tax incentives to business as a stimulus to investment and thus job-creation (the late Congressman Bill Steiger of Wisconsin had persuaded the party to include a similar idea in its 1972 platform). But Kemp's proposal began to take on new theoretical weight when a young economist—Paul Craig Roberts—joined his staff in 1975.

In September of that year, an article by Kemp appeared in the *Washington Star.* Drafted by Roberts with help from Norman Ture (later to be

Karl O'Lessker is professor of public and environmental affairs at Indiana University and senior editor of this journal.

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Treasury undersecretary in the Reagan Administration), it offered a supply-side rationale for the Jobs Creation Act and called for a cut in marginal tax rates on personal income. The piece brought Kemp to the attention of the *Wall Street Journal*'s Jude Wanniski. After several meetings during which Wanniski and economist Arthur Laffer satisfied themselves that Kemp really did understand supply-side principles and was ready to do battle for them, Wanniski began to use his position as a *Journal* editorial writer to portray Kemp as the leader of a veritable revolution in economic thought.

And so Jack Kemp was no longer an ex-football player turned obscure congressman. He was leading the fight for an economic program that had the support of the nation's most influential newspaper. He not only succeeded in getting it adopted as Republican party policy in Congress and actually having it passed by both houses in 1980 (though vetoed by President Carter); he won its acceptance as an unbreakable campaign promise by the man who was to become President in 1981. Kemp-Roth thus became the centerpiece of the Reagan Administration's Economic Recovery Tax Act of 1981, and supply-side economics became public policy.

In the process the six-term congressman from Buffalo became a national figure. Time and again he met the press and faced the nation. The heaviest hitters in the print media—*Time, Newsweek, People, U.S. News, Business Week, Reader's Digest*—all did feature pieces on him. More important, they began to listen to what he had to say on subjects other than tax policy. This was crucial. For while there are quite a few House members with thoughtful and informed views on matters outside their own committee jurisdictions, the national news media could hardly care less. But Kemp *mattered*; Kemp was *news*.

Then the political buildup began. People started talking about him as an eventual Republican presidential nominee. They had him running for the U.S. Senate or the governorship in New York as a next step toward the White House. When he declined to do either there was some muttering about political "cowardice," but his place as principal rival to George Bush for the presidential nomination in 1988 (or 1984, for that matter, if Reagan had chosen not to run) remained secure.

The six-term congressman from Buffalo became a national figure. Time and again he met the press and faced the nation.

Today, Kemp's major policy concerns are taxes and economic growth, monetary reform, and Central America. The first and last of these have been at the center of this year's presidential campaign and no one, apart from Mr. Reagan himself, has been a more effective spokesman for the Administration's positions on them. What makes this point especially interesting is that Kemp has sharply dissented from the Reagan line on a couple of key issues. Most visibly, he broke with the Administration on the 1982 tax increase package that added $92 billion to America's cumulative tax bill over a three-year period. For this act of *lèse majesté* he had to endure a hailstorm of angry epithets from unnamed "high Administration officials" of which "grandstanding" and "disloyalty" were only the mildest. Less widely known is his refusal to go along with Reagan's pet fiscal panacea, the Balanced Budget Amendment. Kemp says flatly, "I don't believe a useful and workable amendment can be devised." What has saved him from a scourging similar to that of 1982 are his reticence on the subject—he doesn't hide his opposition but doesn't trumpet it either—and the fact that the President is practically alone in his Administration in genuinely supporting the idea; hence the usual angry swarm of HAOs has been content to let this heresy of Kemp's go unpunished.

His most heartfelt support of Reagan this year has been on the tax issue. He utterly rejects the near-universal idea that only a broad general tax increase can bring the budget close to balance over the next four years. On the contrary, he argues, any tax increase that might accomplish this would have to be so large as to choke off the present economic recovery and return us to the stagflation that led to high structural deficits in the first place. As he pointed out in a recent "Meet the Press" interview, revenues through the first three quarters of the current fiscal year have been rising at a 14 percent rate while expenditures have been going up by only 4 percent. And that, Kemp insists, is the formula for eventually bringing the budget into balance. The goose that lays the golden egg in our economic system is economic growth. Those like Mondale and his "pragmatic" allies in the Republican party who argue for massive tax increases will only succeed in wringing its neck. In that spirit, Kemp and his allies Trent Lott of Mississippi and Robert Kasten of Wisconsin succeeded in adding tough anti-tax-increase language to the Republican platform ("We therefore oppose any attempts to increase taxes, which would harm the recovery. . . . We categorically reject proposals to increase taxes in a misguided effort to balance the budget"). This may have been more of a good thing than the President really wanted—or so his Platform Committee liaison, Drew Lewis, indicated—but there can be little doubt that those sentences sing his heart's own true song.

The other side of the tax coin for Kemp is tax simplification and reform. Along with Senator Kasten he is author of one of the two most favorably regarded plans for achieving these elusive goals. Kemp-Kasten, like its Democratic counterpart, Bradley-Gephardt, aims at sharply reducing marginal tax rates in exchange for eliminating most of the preferences and exclusions that riddle the present tax code. But while Bradley-Gephardt would retain some degree of progressivity—taxing higher incomes at higher marginal rates—and would make no change in the corporate tax structure, Kemp-Kasten proposes a single flat rate on all personal income above the poverty level and drastic simplification of the corporate tax code as well. There are several other important differences, but the essential point is that Kemp has once more staked out a leadership position on an issue that is likely to be one of the most hotly debated on the next Congress's agenda. How close he comes to success will depend first on the outcome of the 1984 elections and, second, assuming Mr. Reagan's return to office, on the President's own enthusiasm for this sort of reform.

In the drafting of the Republican platform, Kemp and Kasten pushed hard for endorsement of their plan, but the committee chose to heed Drew Lewis's insistence that Mr. Reagan needed more flexibility on the fearfully complex issue. So the language finally agreed upon sketches the outlines of the Kemp-Kasten bill (though without naming it) and lauds it as "a promising approach."

Kemp's major economic initiative other than the two tax packages has been his co-sponsorship, with liberal Democrat Robert Garcia of New York, of "enterprise zone" legislation. This would provide seed money in the form of low-interest loans and tax incentives for entrepreneurs to establish businesses in our inner cities. With the blessing of President Reagan, a bill similar to Kemp-Garcia twice passed the Senate this year but has been blocked in the House by Ways and Means Committee chairman Daniel Rostenkowski and Speaker Thomas P. O'Neill.

Two things about the bill, apart from its obvious merits, offer insights into Kemp's political and economic ideas. One is his no-nonsense appeal to blacks to vote Republican on strictly self-interest grounds. His message, expressed most forcefully in a speech to the Urban League last July, is that *only* economic growth offers a realistic prospect to poor blacks and other minorities to break out of the poverty cycle—and only the economic policies of the Reagan-Kemp wing of the Republican party can promote economic growth. The point here is how different Kemp's approach is from either the handwringing, outpromise-the-Democrats line of the liberal Republicans or the write-them-off-we-don't-need-them mutterings of

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the country club set. Not surprisingly, Kemp is far and away the conservative with easiest access to the black leadership.

The second thing about his enterprise zone legislation that sets him apart from many conservatives is what it shows about his willingness to use the federal government—in this instance the tax code—to solve social problems. Note that the issue is not one of removing governmentally imposed disincentives but of actively providing incentives to get people to do what, under present circumstances, they are unwilling to do. Conservatives of a libertarian bent find this sort of thing deplorable, preferring to equalize competitive conditions for everyone and then letting the market do its work. But in Kemp's view, certain social problems are so exigent, so unamenable to market solutions—unemployment in the inner cities being a pre-eminent example—that efforts to solve them simply can't wait for the working out of market forces. Such unembarrassed acceptance of an important role for government in the economy is one reason why Kemp prefers to describe himself as a *populist* conservative.

Monetary reform has long been almost as close to Kemp's heart as tax reform. Since at least 1978 he has been a strong advocate of some form of return to a gold standard—in his words, "to define the U.S. dollar again as a fixed weight of gold, and to provide for the convertibility of Federal Reserve notes and credit into gold on demand." Only in this way, he says, can the international monetary system regain the stability it lost when the Bretton Woods agreement broke down in the early 1970s.

Whatever else such a move might accomplish, it would no doubt greatly reduce the power of the Federal Reserve Board, an agency that Kemp habitually regards with gloomy distrust. In particular, he would love to see it lose its power to set monetary targets and engage in most open-market operations. Indeed, Kemp is actively pursuing direct measures against the Fed, in part because such action is more likely to find support in Congress than a return to the gold standard.

Kemp has already fired several warning shots across the Fed's bow. Back in August 1983 he issued a press release reminding Paul Volcker and associates that "they are tangling with a sleeping giant in Congress" by their persistent high interest rate policies. What infuriates Kemp is not so much any particular interest rate the Fed imposes as the economic theory that underlies its actions, a theory that appears to hold that "economic growth causes inflation and that inflation is caused by too many people working." An inelegant sentence, but you don't have to be an adept at supply-side economics to measure the width of the gulf separating Kemp from Volcker.

Last April, moreover, Kemp and Trent Lott of Mississippi introduced legislation to clip at least a few feathers from the Fed's wings by requiring immediate disclosure of its Open Market Committee decisions and by making the Secretary of the Treasury a member of that powerful committee, thus giving the Administration a direct and influential voice in monetary policy-making. Nothing has yet come of the Kemp-Lott proposal, but it is a signal to the Fed that important members of Congress may no longer be content to issue cautionary press releases.

Most recently, Kemp succeeded (over White House objections) in getting the Republican platform writers to include language that well summarizes his own concerns in this area, though without flatly endorsing a return to the gold standard:

> The Federal Reserve Board's destabilizing actions must stop. We need coordination between fiscal and monetary policy, timely information about Fed decisions, and an end to the uncertainty people face in obtaining money and credit. The gold standard may be a useful mechanism for realizing the Federal Reserve's determination to adopt monetary policies needed to sustain price stability.

We should note that unhappiness with the Fed's tight money policies is by no means confined to the populist-conservative wing of the Republican party: House Majority Leader Jim Wright is only one of the Democrats who have drafted bills to impose stricter controls on that extraordinarily independent agency. Should the day come when Kemp sees no recourse but to launch a full frontal assault on the Fed, he is likely to find plenty of help on both sides of the aisle.

A related policy area in which Kemp does have direct committee responsibility is foreign economic relations, and it has brought him into conflict with the Administration on at least two issues. The relevant committee position is ranking minority member of the Foreign Operations Subcommittee of the House Appropriations Committee; the issues are U.S. support for the International Monetary Fund and certain policies of our Agency for International Development.

Specifically, Kemp strongly disapproves of the IMF's attempts to impose "austerity" on a number of Third World recipients of its loans. A case in point was the IMF's insistence that Jamaica put its fiscal house in order, not only by cutting government spending but, more provocatively, by raising taxes. As if this were not maddening enough to a fervent low-tax man who believes that economic incentives are at least as important in less-developed countries as they are in the U.S., Kemp was further outraged to learn that AID was deliberately withholding development funds as a means of whipping Jamaica into compliance with the IMF *diktat*.

In a strong letter to Secretary Shultz this past June, Kemp denounced the policies of both agencies (as it happens, the annual funding process for both originates in Kemp's Foreign Operations Subcommittee). Pointing out how anomalous it was for AID to pursue a policy in Jamaica that runs counter to the Reagan Administration's official economic policy for the U.S., Kemp said he felt compelled to introduce legislation to "prevent U.S. bilateral assistance from being made contingent on the policies of any multilateral organization"—i.e., the IMF. And he did so, as an amendment to the FY 1984 second supplemental appropriations bill, which the subcommittee approved last June with the addition of a single word. As adopted, the language reads that development aid could not be withheld "solely" as a result of requirements imposed by multilateral organizations. Among those voting for it was Black Caucus leader William Gray of Philadelphia—a Kemp ally on enterprise zone legislation as well.

Even before this latest dispute, Kemp had showed his displeasure with the IMF by spearheading a drive to prevent an $8.4 billion increase in this nation's contribution to the Fund. After intense lobbying by the Administration, the increase eventually won congressional approval, but only after Kemp and his allies had kept it bottled up in the House for five months.

Kemp's unembarrassed acceptance of an important role for government in the economy is one reason why he prefers to describe himself as a *populist* conservative.

But if Kemp has caused the Administration grief on international economic policy (and on the Middle East by vigorously opposing arms sales to Arab countries), he has been a tower of strength on Central America. Having served as senior counselor to the Kissinger Commission in 1983, he not only endorsed most of its recommendations but has continued to blast Democratic opponents of increased aid to El Salvador. Last January, for example, in an op-ed piece for the *Washington Post,* he called it "astonishing" that "some leaders" of the party of Franklin Roosevelt and John Kennedy should have become isolationists in connection with a region so vital to American security interests. And in the Foreign Operations Subcommittee he has fought doggedly for the President's request for expanded aid to El Salvador.

His only dissents from the Commission recommendations were, first, on the section tying military aid to progress on human rights. Endorsing Kissinger's own minority view on this, Kemp remarked on the fatuity of compromising both American interests and the Salvadoran people's chance for freedom because of human rights violations that are trivial in comparison to what would occur if the Communists seized power. Characteristically, Kemp also found fault with what he regarded as the Commission's tilt toward statist economic and social policies, implying "a dependence on central planning and redistribution of wealth schemes which have already done great damage to the economic growth potential of the region." In his own recommendations to the Commission, he had argued strongly for the need to encourage private savings and investment through lower taxes and wider scope for individual initiative.

While not entirely successful in persuading the majority to a supply-side view of Central America's economic needs, Kemp appears to have had more of an impact than has been generally recognized. In one important instance, as Tom Bethell reported in *National Review* last February, it was Kemp's influence that led to a Commission suggestion that expropriated landowners should be "fully compensated" for the land taken from them and that the new owners be given "full and transferable property right to their new land." Neither of these conditions now obtain under the "land reform" system instituted in 1980 at the insistence of the Carter Administration. It is this transferable property right concept that is crucial here, and Bethell is surely correct in claiming that Kemp "is at present the only U.S. politician of national stature to have grasped its importance" in the context of El

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Salvador's struggle to survive.

In a recent column musing on the 1988 Republican presidential race, David Broder placed Jack Kemp's name in a list that included among others George Bush, Howard Baker, and Robert Dole. There's nothing startling about that—it's everybody else's list as well. What *is* noteworthy is that Kemp is the only one of that group who could lay claim to the Reagan constituency. If the primaries were held today, all the others would be contending for votes in what might be called the Gerald Ford wing of the party—and Kemp would have about as clear a shot at the nomination as any non-incumbent in recent memory. I will go further. Barring only the possibility that George Bush succeeds to the presidency before 1988, Kemp *will* be the Republican nominee four years hence. Ideologically and programmatically he stands at the very center of today's Republican consensus. Granted, the others mentioned by Broder would far outpoll him among the media people, but that hardly seems a decisive handicap. Kemp is where the voters are, and where they are likely to be for many years more.

Though he falls short of Ronald Reagan as a communicator (who doesn't?), he has several key strengths that even Mr. Reagan lacked before 1980. One is his record of leadership on national issues. A related advantage is that, by the time the primary season rolls around in 1987, he will have had sixteen years of service in Congress. Another is the sense of physical and intellectual energy he conveys. A fourth is the fact that, unlike the presidential Ronald Reagan, his public record is not weighted down with items that could be stigmatized as "extremist." Finally, his populist appeal to blue collar and minority constituencies has been so clear, so demonstrably effective, that no opponent, Democratic or Republican, would have much of a chance to indict him as anti-poor, anti-black, anti-labor, and so on.

A few years ago, in a widely read *Reader's Digest* article, Rowland Evans and Robert Novak asked of Kemp, "Is he the GOP's future?" The answer here is yes. □

Richard Grenier

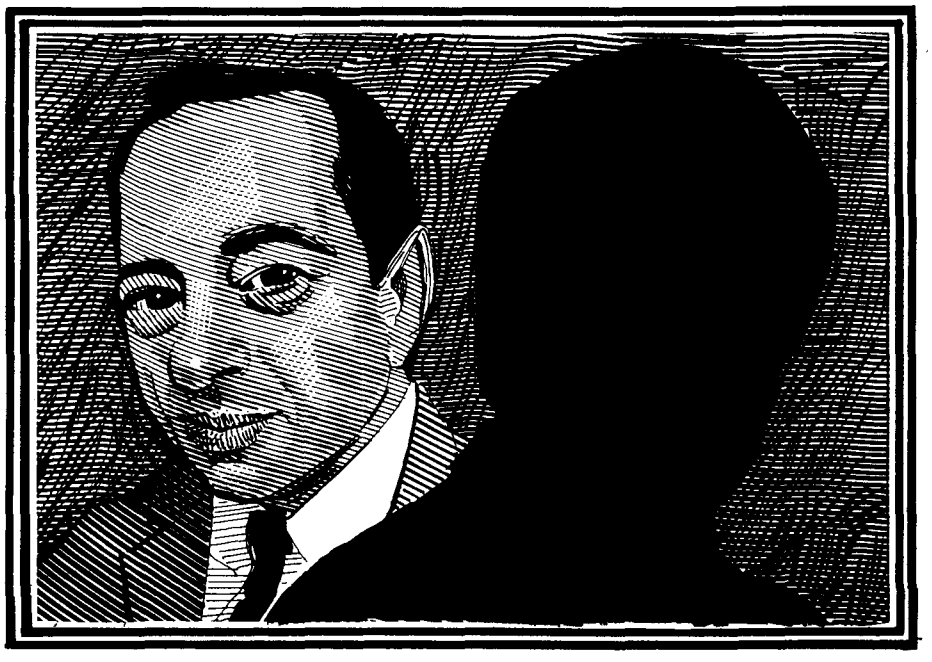
THE MACHISMO PIETY OF MARIO CUOMO

Well, at least he's not Geraldine Zaccaro.

The telephone on the New York newspaper editor's desk would buzz at 8:30 in the morning. It would be Governor Cuomo himself, friendly, chatty, with the latest inside word from the Democratic pollsters that both Mondale and Hart were dead ducks. Neither could beat Reagan.

How could Cuomo do such a perfidious thing? How disloyal! But loyalty among elected officials is a sometime thing. They stick with their patron (or "rabbi" as it's called in New York) until they see their main chance. What, then, was Governor Cuomo's main chance? Well, you see, Cuomo had this dazzling plan. He had been asked to give the much-awaited keynote speech at the Democratic Convention in San Francisco, which he took, correctly, as an indication of the high esteem in which he was held in the party; for himself, for being governor of the country's second largest state, and for being a representative of those Northeast blue-collar "ethnics" that the Democrats absolutely had to win back from Reagan if they were to have any chance at all of winning the election. Also, as the governor and the editor both knew and the rest of the country would soon find out, Mario Cuomo was the fieriest orator the Democratic party has had since William Jennings Bryan.

Now the "committed" delegates at the Democratic Convention were not really committed, and Gary Hart's whips were busy trying to strip away delegates from Mondale in preparation for a call from Hart for a "conscience" vote: Which of us, Hart would ask, has a better chance of beating the incumbent? But suppose Cuomo succeeded in setting the convention on fire (which actually happened). Suppose Hart prevented Mondale from going over the top on the first ballot, then the second. Stalemate! Would not a "draft Cuomo" movement appear like a whirlwind? Compare the three men, after all. *Hart*: a synthetic man, ashamed of his roots, a man who changed his name, age, religion, accent, handwriting, and tried to fabricate a military record. A weak speaker, he trembled like a tuning fork under attacks from Battling Fritz Mondale. And there weren't enough Yuppies to elect a President anyway. *Mondale*: called "polenta" by Cuomo's mother, which John Glenn translated into "mush." (It is amazing how much backbiting of his rivals Cuomo slipped into the press without getting the reputation of being a rat.) By contrast to the other two, *Cuomo*: strongly masculine, forceful, not in the least ashamed of his roots, but who, to the contrary, could express a blazing patriotism for America still quite general among recent immigrants. With a superb sense of timing, and humor, he could carefully raise emotional intensity and deliver with spine-tingling feeling lines no other Democrat could even get past his lips. *For the love of this great nation! For the family of America! For the love of God!* Mondale knew Cuomo's worth because, before the Great Vice-Presidential Auditions in North Oaks, Minnesota, he had asked Cuomo not once, but twice, to join him as his running mate. But Cuomo wasn't going to run on the bottom half of a losing ticket.



So this was Cuomo's plan: a "draft Cuomo" movement. A long shot, you say? But everything big in life is a long shot. As another Italian emigrant, a fellow named Buonaparte (original spelling) once said: *De l'audace, de l'audace, toujours de l'audace.* The only trouble was that word of Cuomo's plan got to the ear of Gary

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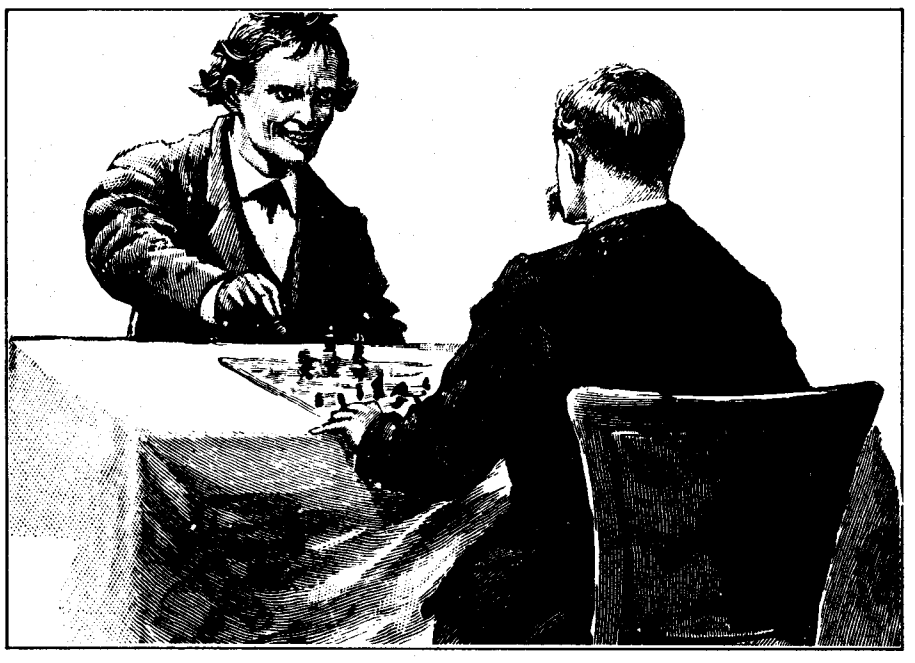
Hart who, not unreasonably, decided he'd be damned if he'd peel away Mondale delegates only to hand the convention to that son of a bit-- from New York. Which is why Gary Hart turned into such a lovely person at the end. So, long before the world had ever heard of Geraldine Ferraro, let alone a real-estatenik named John Zaccaro, everyone in the Democratic high command knew that the biggest comer in the party was New York governor Mario Cuomo. In the years before law school, when Cuomo played pro baseball with a farm club of the Pittsburgh Pirates, the Pirates' scout wrote to Branch Rickey of 20-year-old center-fielder Mario Cuomo, "Potentially the best prospect on the club . . . is aggressive and plays hard . . . will run over you if you get in his way." Which is why you won't have to look for Cuomo in '88. He'll be there.

Not that Cuomo was always a winner. In 1974 he first ran for Lieutenant Governor of New York State and was trounced. In 1977, at Governor Hugh Carey's request, he took a shot at the Democratic nomination for mayor of New York City and got another thumping, this time from the popular Ed Koch. At this point it looked as if Cuomo's political career might well be over. Although appointed by Carey as N.Y. Secretary of State, a largely honorific post, how could he or anyone else foresee that the next year Mary Jo Krupsak, the woman who had beaten him for lieutenant governor, would decide at the last minute to challenge Carey for the governorship? Or that, three days before the state's Democratic convention, Carey would ask Cuomo to join him on the ticket in her place? With the Krupsak slate defeated, and Cuomo now lieutenant governor, who could have predicted that four years later, in 1982, Carey would have slipped so badly in the polls that he would choose not to run again?

Cuomo decided to have a shot at the governorship himself. But Koch, his nemesis, fresh from a triumphant reelection as mayor with the nominations of both the Democratic and Republican parties, decided to have a go at the governorship, too. The first polls showed Cuomo trailing Koch by 35 points. He called press conferences and no one came. Everyone told him to pull out. Whereupon Cuomo thought up the most diabolically clever, if bizarre, strategy to be seen at the hustings in quite a while: *Get Two for the Price of One—Keep Koch as Mayor, Cuomo for Governor.* New Yorkers could keep their beloved Mayor Koch, and yet get this capable, diligent, effective public servant for governor: Mario Cuomo. To the surprise of many, the strategy provided the margin of victory. Cuomo's race against Republican Lewis Lehrman was close. But still Cuomo won that one, too, and found himself overnight the hottest new Democrat in the country, Governor of the Empire State. Overnight people who before wouldn't have given him the time of day began to telephone: Mondale, Moynihan, Kennedy. For Mario was the new king of the whole Northeast.

Unlike that pseudo-ethnic, Geraldine Ferraro, who went to a boarding school in Tarrytown for rich Catholic girls, married well, and sent her daughters to private schools for rich Episcopalian girls, Mario Cuomo is the genuine article. Although both of their families came from the same region in Italy—Campagna—hers from the back country of Naples, his, thirty miles to the south, from the back country of Salerno, Ferraro had advantages Cuomo never had. Mrs. Ferraro's father was the proprietor of two flourishing commercial enterprises, and her cousin, State Senator Ferraro, later Queens District Attorney Ferraro (who oddly enough gave Geraldine her first job as Assistant D.A.) was to become N.Y. State Supreme Court Justice Ferraro. On the scale of Queens, it was like Amy Carter running for mayor of Plains.



Mario Cuomo's parents, on the other hand, were illiterate peasants with no skills, and Poppa Cuomo spent the first four years of his life in America digging sewers. Scrimping for every penny, he finally opened a tiny grocery story in South Jamaica, Queens. Open 'round the clock, the store served the workmen on night shifts at the factory down the street, providing hero sandwiches, and was the neighborhood grocery by day. The whole family worked, Poppa, Momma, the five kids, and Poppa Cuomo worked 15 to 17 hours a day, seven days a week. He rarely even sat with his family at meals, preferring to remain on duty behind the counter (the family, of course, living upstairs). Mario realized fairly early that his father was simply giving his life so that his children would have a better one in this new world, this America. And there is no doubt that Mario Cuomo is telling the truth when he says that this awareness has never left him.

Hart decided he'd be damned if he'd peel away Mondale delegates only to hand the convention to that son of a bit-- from New York.

In the Italian-American context, Mario Cuomo is an odd case of first-generation acculturation. Unlike other immigrant groups, such as the Jews or Irish, family bonds among Italian-Americans from the Mezzogiorno (south) were so tight that a son who went to college instead of helping Momma and Poppa at the family store was sometimes thought to be a bad son. But Mario was very good at school, as well as at baseball, so he attended the local Saint John's College, then Saint John's law school, where he split top honors with another classmate and won a clerkship at the N.Y. State Court of Appeals (supreme court) in Albany. For every case that came before the court he prepared an exhaustive brief, and studied long hours. His career in baseball, although shorter, was not dissimilar. He always played hard and played to win, but in his first summer with a Pirate farm club he was beaned by an errant pitch and suffered severe head injuries—head injuries which, he now jokes, "twenty years later drove me into politics." But there is still something about Mario Cuomo which suggests the young and determined ballplayer stepping out onto the field. People who have worked for him assure me that Cuomo, although he usually conceals its rawest aspects, is "combative as all hell." And I suspect that it might have been this quality, as much as anything he actually said, that electrified the Moscone Center in San Francisco.

The Mezzogiorno remains in Cuomo in the way he spends his little spare time: with his family, his blood kin, in-laws, a few neighbors from down the street. There is evidence that, for all his talk of the "family of New York," and now the "family of America," he himself, in the Mezzogiorno manner, trusts few people not related to him by blood or marriage. He first came to public attention during two particularly nasty subsidized-housing disputes, in New York City's Forest Hills and then at Coop City, where he proved himself a superb mediator. But when in power he delegates authority with difficulty. In his first run at lieutenant governor, in 1974, he couldn't bear to delegate anything at all and served as his own campaign manager, scheduler, and dispatcher. It was a fiasco. And it was only when, at last, his eldest son Andrew was old enough to run a campaign—the 1982 race for governor—that Mario Cuomo found a campaign manager he could place his faith in.

On the other hand, Mario Cuomo is not likely to fall victim to the bright lights and fleshpots that tarnished the image of his predecessor, Governor Carey. They say honest politicians die poor, and Mario Cuomo is certainly doing his damnedest on this account. He still lives in Queens in the $28,000 house he bought long before he became a public figure. His net assets come to something in the vicinity of $100,000. His wife Matilda constantly reminded him during his lieutenant governorship that it was not illegal nor even frowned upon for him to continue his private law practice during the off season—imagine the clients he could get! But Cuomo did not find it proper. He has a definite ascetic streak and luxury tempts him not at all. His most prized moments, when not with his family, are when he is alone: working, reading, keeping his diary, thinking, planning. He enjoys waking before the 5:30 alarm and lying in quiet contemplation, sometimes rising, tak-

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ing some notes, then returning to bed. He has been known to sleep as little as an hour and a half during the campaign and to wake raring to go to those debates, television appearances, interviews, strategy sessions.

Since wealth and the trappings of grandeur clearly leave him cold, what, then, makes Mario run? The answer one is tempted to give is: power in its most naked form. But Cuomo is a highly intelligent man, and one thing he has certainly retained from his Catholic upbringing is that pride is a sin, and Christian humility a virtue. Consequently, Cuomo carries about inside him the most cunningly disguised competitiveness in town.

Cuomo's recently published *Diaries: The Campaign for Governor*[1] make fascinating reading: The dismal beginnings when he had painfully few supporters because of his image as a "loser." The small number of enthusiastic backers who, when the "invincible" Koch decided to enter the race, grew faint-hearted, their voices becoming wan and wistful on the telephone. "I learned to recognize the sound," writes Cuomo. The low ratings in the polls. The difficulty in raising money. The effective, well-received speeches with not a line of coverage in the press. The local office holders who told him quite openly that they could not afford to endorse someone who would probably lose—particularly with Koch's well-advertised reputation for vindictiveness. And, of course, no endorsements from the party's grandees like Mondale. Even Cuomo's own daughter telling him he was on an "ego trip." Then the freak newspaper poll that showed him leading: followed instantly by beaming faces, glad hands, money, endorsements, well-wishers, upbeat press and television. The world sure likes winners.

But by far the most distinctive quality of the *Diaries* is their tone. Almost by definition, autobiographical works by politicians are self-serving, explaining studiously how the author was right and his adversaries wrong. Yet there is virtually none of this in Cuomo's *Diaries*. Instead they are filled with self-criticism, and most distinctively with examinations of conscience. Politics is a tawdry business. The only moral and godly justification for entering it would be to *serve the people*. But many politicians enter with this noble goal, no doubt, and end up pursuing power in sheer hypocrisy. Is he, Mario Cuomo, certain that this is not happening to him? The *Diaries* are filled with elaborate praise for his colleagues and supporters, particularly members of his own family. His wife Matilda is so much better at all this than he, Mario, so much better at winning over a crowd. His son, Andrew, is also so much more talented than his father, so gifted, so hard-working. Mario's mother possesses the wisdom of the folk, his roots. His daughters, too, are splendid—even the one who leaves him flat in the middle of the campaign to go about her business, get married, and set off on her honeymoon. How admirable and efficient she is, writes Mario. How unworthy he himself is, perhaps. Is he living up to the injunctions of Teilhard de Chardin—referred to ceaselessly as his moral guide? Is he certain he is going through all this to *serve the people*? The *Diaries,* although replete with the nitty-gritty of practical politics, conjure up a dominant image of a humble Mario Cuomo rising before dawn and, day after day, filling out his application for sainthood.

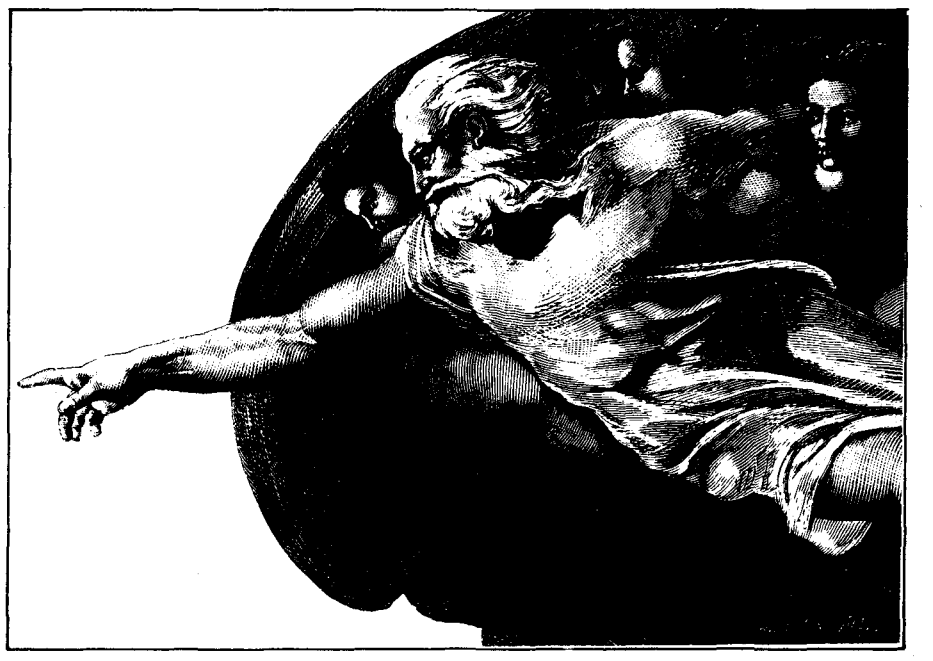
Once at the hustings, however, Cuomo's self-deprecating streak takes a completely different form. Self-deprecation being an indispensable part of every comic's repertoire, Cuomo discovered very early that it was easy for him to make audiences laugh, and, in fact, he has an excellent sense of humor, professional timing, a mastery of the change of pace. One of his most successful modes is that of the unassuming, ordinary fellow, just like you and me. When approached by television correspondents just before he delivered his keynote address in San Francisco, and knowing full well it was going to be a dynamite speech, he said (with the nation listening), "Aw you guys from New York have heard it all before. It's going to be boring." After the roof-raising ovation, the cheers still thundering in his ears, he went back to joking with the television reporters again, "What you guys missed was a really terrific word I made up. 'Is that a *word*?' they ask me. So I look it up in the dictionary. *It's not there!* I had to cut it. So you guys didn't hear the *full* speech. If they'd only let me keep that word I made up, then you'd have *really* heard a speech."

Although, among his many anti-Mondale digs, Cuomo has declared it is a great mistake for the Democratic candidates to mix religion into the political campaign, and although he has spoken in a much attended address at Notre Dame of the necessary separation of church and state, he himself announces blatantly that he joined the Democratic party because of its superior Christian values. In the introduction to his *Diaries* he says it right out: "The traditional principles of the Democratic party came closer to giving political content to [the Christian] ideal than the tenets of the Republicans." He goes even further. In his discussion of the government's "redistributive function," he writes, "ten years of Vincentian training . . . only reinforced my conviction that if St. Francis of Assisi were alive today, and was reckless enough to get involved in politics, he would be fighting for some kind of progressivism [Democratic] that sought to help people improve their lives. I just can't see him arguing for the kind of social Darwinism [Republican] that has been thrust upon us in recent years." Now the country at the moment is filled with people pointing their fingers and crying, "Bad Christian!" "Good Christian!" "Good Catholic!" "Bad Catholic!" But you must admit that a man who claims St. Francis of Assisi as a spiritual member of the Democratic party is taking a pretty long lead.

When Mario Cuomo set out to become governor of New York in 1982, he confesses that he "needed a new way to describe my political philosophy," a fresh way to make people sit up and listen and not conclude, since he'd been in Albany for years, that he was "somehow out of date." He found the notion in the most extraordinarily obvious place, he says, "in the idea of 'family.'" It became the theme of his campaign: "The Family of New York." And just recently, in San Francisco, he stretched the idea even further until it became: "The Family of America." Now it so happens that I am a very patriotic American, and I think we are one people, and have great obligations to one another, as well as obligations to our country as a whole, to defend it, for example, and keep it safe. But without pausing to compare Ronald Reagan's "safety net" with the far skimpier safety net of Franklin D. Roosevelt, not to mention that of his immediate Democratic predecessor Woodrow Wilson, I would like to point out to Mario Cuomo that no matter how many times he calls America a "family" it is still not a family. In the closing months of 1984, it is perhaps not inappropriate to point out that no matter how many times the hero of George Orwell's most famous novel calls his national leader "Big Brother," he is still not his brother. A family is father, mother, children, grandpa, grandma, some aunts, uncles, nephews, nieces, and cousins. The "Family of America" Mario Cuomo is talking about is of necessity no family at all but a giant, impersonal state—a state which is to some degree destructive of family. When you take your child to a day-care center you are not leaving him with your sister but with a stranger, and the kind of care this stranger will provide your child is anybody's guess.

To judge from his rhetoric Mario Cuomo has not quite absorbed the point expressed with such succinctness by Paul Johnson in his *Modern Times,* that the dominant political fact of the twentieth century is the development of the mega-state, and that the power of the mega-state to do good has grown slowly and ambiguously, while its power to do evil has expanded with awesome speed.

I have heard or read dozens of Cuomo's speeches by now, and, failing as he does to perceive any dangers at all in the modern mega-state, he rarely gets through a campaign address without a reference to the Republican party (certainly Reagan Republicans) as "social Darwinians" dedicated to the "survival of the fittest," as if his potent New York state Republican rival Jack Kemp proposed to leave the unemployed to starve to death. For with all his concern for the "redistribution" of wealth, Cuomo, to judge by his writings and speeches, has given very little thought to the process by which wealth is actually created. If he



[1]Random House, $19.95.

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were to contemplate the history of even his own family he would realize that what lifted them from the hopeless poverty of Italy's Mezzogiorno was not government hand-outs but relentless hard work in the dynamic free-enterprise economy of this new America, where, as they say, a rising tide was lifting all boats. As for Cuomo's wild pronouncement that he would rather live under laws written by St. Francis of Assisi than "laws written by Darwin," I should remind the governor that if we were to take Saint Francis as our model, with all the reverence that is the saint's due, we would become a nation of holy beggars—a platform I would not like to have to campaign on, nor would Governor Cuomo. And I would suggest that he reflect on the fact that at a recent dinner of the National Italian-American Foundation attended, highly exceptionally, by all four presidential and vice-presidential candidates, President Reagan was greeted with a tumultuous, standing ovation and cries of *"Four more years! Four more years!"* whereas that imitation Wasp Representative Ferraro, although a member of the Foundation's board and despite her Italianate name, received only "warm applause."

Cuomo's speeches are far more impressive listened to than read. Once in cold print, their incoherencies, *non sequiturs,* and hackneyed phrases lie there dead on the page, and one realizes just how magnetic his presence and delivery must be in order to bring audiences to a fever pitch, as he has been known to do time and again "in the clutch." If one were to go by his printed speeches one would think that the nuclear freeze, for example, is desirable simply because "life is better than death." Now this is such a pathetically reductive argument as to convince only the neo-pacifist, "ostrich" wing of the Democratic party gathered in San Francisco. But, sure enough, a minute or two earlier or later in the same San Francisco speech, Cuomo was crying, "*Of course* Democrats are for a strong defense! *Of course* Democrats believe that there are times that we must stand and fight!" But as Representative Newt Gingrich of Georgia observed tartly in a speech to the House the following week, there is no "of course" to it. There are Democrats in the House who have never in their entire career voted for a defense bill. There are other Democrats who have systematically voted for every defense-weakening amendment. The Democratic convention even as Cuomo spoke was in the process of nominating for Vice President a woman who had voted in the House for the Studds Amendment—which would in effect have required our complete withdrawal from Central America.

A Pirates' scout wrote that the 20-year-old center-fielder Mario Cuomo: " . . . is aggressive and plays hard . . . will run over you if you get in his way."

Mrs. Ferraro seems to be running for the Neville Chamberlain Peace Award, and since her nomination has never once spoken in public without announcing her determination to prevent her 20-year-old son from ever fighting in a war, any war. Rather than lose 55 men in El Salvador, it appears, she would prefer to fortify our 2,000 mile frontier with Mexico—high watch towers, electrified barriers, land mines, army combat divisions deployed in depth—or perhaps even, why not, lose half a million men at El Paso (which really might include her son then). This is not the Democratic party of Harry Truman. Nor is it the Democratic party of John F. Kennedy ("We will pay any price . . ."), but it is the national Democratic party of today.

But Mario Cuomo is nothing if not self-contradictory. After explaining in his *Diaries* that what led him to the Democratic party was his "Christian ethic" and his idea of the family—seemingly intransigent beliefs—he adds that even more basic than these, the "essence of my political philosophy," is "reasonableness." No pat phrases, he says, no canned solutions, no ideology, no Scylla, no Charybdis. Effective government must be a matter of compromise and mediation. It is this that has led him at key points in his career to ringing and strident proclamation of his position—after which he in effect sits down at the table and says, "Okay, boys, let's cut a deal." This habit of Cuomo's so baffled Ken Auletta, a columnist of the *New York Daily News,* that in a long, detailed, scrupulously fair-minded magazine article on Cuomo he wondered if the man was consciously deluding others—a practice common enough among politicians—or if he was in fact self-deluded. Although the question is well worth asking, I do not think in Cuomo's case we are likely to come up with a clear answer. In my experience, opportunism, hypocrisy, pious fraud, self-deception, deliberate deceit, and just plain lying are all ranged on some kind of continuum. But whether he is fooling himself or just fooling others, I have my own opinion of Mario Cuomo: He is the most talented demagogue on the political scene.

Cuomo's incendiary speech to the San Francisco convention was certainly a triumph of style over substance. Mario Cuomo likes to talk about the "mosaic of America," but his speech was a scintillating mosaic of demagoguery from one end to the other. The *trouvaille* of the speech was the metaphor of the wagon train crossing the plains (really just an adaption of his "family" metaphor). But, to follow the line of reasoning used by Gingrich in the House: Show me a wagon train that had food stamps. Show me a wagon train that had able-bodied adults not working. Show me a wagon train that allowed its criminals to wander around committing new crimes. Show me a wagon train that did not pray to Almighty God. Show me a wagon train that wasn't made up of people who were tough, disciplined, hard-working, and well armed. Show me a wagon train that did not know it was moving through dangerous territory. Show me a wagon train where a man didn't know that his best friend was his Winchester rifle. The plain fact is that the utopian leftists who have captured what was once a strong, patriotic Democratic party are not tough enough for wagon trains; they would do well to steer clear of them, even as metaphors. If it had been up to people like them, the West would never have been won.

I shall pass over Cuomo's remarks about crime (who has been blocking the President's crime bill?), about the deficit (who invented deficit financing and has been in control of the House for the past thirty years?), about Reagan "escalating into a frenzy the nuclear arms race" (who has been moving three SS-20 missiles a week into Eastern Europe and violating what arms agreements we have?), about helping "Latin American governments that murder nuns" (on whose watch were the nuns murdered, and who began the sending of military aid to El Salvador?), about the present Administration having "no real commitment to our friends" (which party wants to throw Central America to the dogs?), about our "stagnating" economy (where have those seven million new jobs come from?), not to mention the uncanny disappearance of the Carter Administration. For, strange to recount, the Carter Administration has mysteriously evaporated into thin air. Jimmy Carter seems to have been a fellow Fritz Mondale once ran into in an elevator. I pass over his remarks because there is something that comes across about Mario Cuomo that seems to have nothing to do with his words at all.

A demagogue he definitely is; let's hope he's not a dangerous one. But I don't know whether it's the humor, the masculine personality, the combativeness, or just the old ballplayer in him: There is something about Mario Cuomo that makes me feel that when the time came, and all the present leading wimps of the Democratic party were running like rabbits—the Mondales, Ferraros, Harts, and Kennedys—Mario Cuomo would stand his ground and fight. Say what you will, in a sneaky way I kind of like the guy. □

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Gregory A. Fossedal

PLAYING SOFTBALL: THE PUBLIC TRIAL OF GERALDINE FERRARO

The First Woman's taming of the shrewd.

It was about a week after Geraldine Ferraro's triumphant Kennedy Airport press conference, and as the media kudos piled up, some people were getting mad. "She's going to get away with it," sighed columnist Joe Sobran, who had already written several excellent articles on the Ferraro fiasco, conveniently ignored by the mainstream media. Disclosing almost nothing, and having already admitted to several offenses that might have landed most Republicans in prison, Geraldine was nevertheless surfing along on a wave of acquiescence, even sympathy. "Maybe so," came my reply, "but she is still going to lose a pint of blood a week. She'll be on the ticket, but the stories will keep trickling out, a little bit at a time, drip, drip, drip. There'll be a new scandal every few days."

In the weeks that followed, that prediction was more or less borne out. Geraldine Ferraro, to her credit, toughed it out and managed to survive politically. She bet on a friendly press and got it. But she has lost a pint of blood a week, maybe a gallon. And because the scandal lingered, it produced two effects of lasting benefit to the Republic.

First, Mrs. Ferraro may well prove the beginning of the end of Washington's ethics mania. What else but a scandal involving the First Woman could have prompted a major *Time* magazine piece on "Reforming the Reforms—Should the post-Watergate campaign laws be changed?" Many of us have been wondering for years whether Washington's ethics obsession hasn't gone too far, but only when it was applied to Geraldine did *Newsweek* comment that America may be "Making The Price Too High" for talented people to serve in government. All of a sudden, *Newsweek* found Jeane Kirkpatrick's comments "pathbreaking . . . intriguing," printing a long transcript of her assessment that "we are making the conditions of public life so tough that nobody will be willing [to serve]. . . . I think that is what is happening to Geraldine Ferraro now." Tip O'Neill suggested that the post-Watergate finance laws had been "drafted wrongly" and "ought to be rewritten." Ferraro survived because her demise simply could not be allowed. But as a tradeoff, the press has had to fall on its own sword, trading in its cherished credential as guardian of the people's right to know.

Second, Mrs. Ferraro has shown conservatives once and for all that there is a way to fight fire: with fire. One could not help noticing, for example, that the heat on Ed Meese died down substantially when it was revealed that Sen. Howard Metzenbaum, Mr. Meese's chief Senate antagonist, had received $275,000 for making two phone calls to sell a friend's hotel. It does not matter that the offenses are not exactly comparable or even that Metzenbaum was legally in the clear (he did disclose that whopping sale on his congressional disclosure forms). The point is, one article attacking Metzenbaum was worth ten defending Meese. This is a valuable lesson, and its application to the Ferraro case was not lost. Rather than writing commentaries bemoaning the press's double standard—grilling Meese while slapping Mrs. Ferraro on the wrist—conservatives simply went about the business of applying the Meese standard to Ferraro herself. The best way to demonstrate the hypocrisy of Washington's ethics chases was not to talk about hypocrisy, but about Geraldine's finances. When Mrs. Ferraro was then let off the hook for offenses that would have slaughtered most other politicians, it was clear to everyone what was going on.

Of course, finding a successful tactic is not the same thing as winning the battle or the war. Despite all that has happened, there is little serious talk in Washington of repealing the ethics-in-government act or the campaign financing laws that limit spending and contributions. And despite all that was learned about Mrs. Ferraro's family finances, she remained on Walter Mondale's ticket. Clearly a dissection of Mrs. Ferraro's trials, as carried out in the press in August and September, is in order.

By now you know the basics. Geraldine Ferraro took illegal campaign loans worth more than $100,000, later "repaying" them by selling property, through her husband, that she can't prove she bought or paid a fair price for, to another person who paid triple what she did and who then resold it to her husband, who had promised to buy it back at the inflated selling price before he sold it in the first place. She also (no wonder) forgot to claim the sale as a capital gain on her taxes. She certified for several years running that she had separated herself from her husband's finances, but she hadn't. And that's a felony. But we can appreciate why she made the effort. Her husband has: connections to at least five organized crime figures, some of whom gave money to Gerry's campaign; slum tenants including a leading pornography dealer in New York City as well as others raided for gambling; an unusual number of building code violations; and, finally, a guilty plea to sneaking money from a little old lady's cookie jar, raiding her trust fund to loan money to himself at a 12 percent rate that no real estate man could have arranged for himself through a bank. The usual sprinkling of "alleged" and "said to have" phrases are deleted here because these actions were all reported publicly. Indeed, they were all admitted to by Mrs. Ferraro. →

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What is interesting, then, is not that the press failed to hunt for the smoking gun with the same zeal applied to Ed Meese, Bert Lance, Richard Allen, Billy Carter, ad nauseam. What startles, rather, is that the press actually *found* fifteen or twenty smoking guns, wrote about them for days—and then, after a two hour news conference, wrote pompous editorials proclaiming that there were no smoking guns.

Perhaps the problem with the Ferraro finances was that there was, in a sense, too much stuff—so many good angles to pursue, so much yet to be reported, that the few journalists interested in the story hardly knew where to start. Meanwhile, the public rapidly lost interest, not because it sympathized with Geraldine, but because people had already concluded that there was something crooked about her and her husband and their real estate dealings. Indeed, a *USA Today* poll taken after Geraldine's press conference triumph showed her running 25 points behind George Bush, carrying a 41 percent negative rating. In other words, she actually fared more poorly against Mr. Bush than Mr. Mondale did against the greatest politician since FDR, Ronald Reagan. In fact, Democratic tracking polls showed she was a net drag on Walter Mondale's ticket in all 45 states outside the New York region.

That the press would lie down on this one was in many ways predictable. Yet many people were stunned, and legitimately so. For all their bias, the media have pursued the private finances of public figures with bipartisan nympholepsy. For every Agnew of recent years, one could name an Eagleton, for every Watergate a Billygate. There was a clear expectation that Mrs. Ferraro would be subject to the same scrutiny. That she was not can be attributed partly to ideology, but obviously there were some other forces at work as well.

A good illustration is the "answer it" incident at Kennedy Airport, involving a reporter—me—who was booed for excessively interrupting Mrs. Ferraro. Most reports suggested that the booing was in response to my final interruption of Mrs. Ferraro. That was my impression, too. But my "answer it" volley was only the last of several interruptions that followed Mrs. Ferraro's repeated failure to focus on my question.[1] A look back at the tape reveals that there were no boos until Mrs. Ferraro began (skillfully, one must admit) playing my question against that of a previous reporter, saying, "you interrupted his question." That was true too; but then, that is what happens at press conferences, as reporters try to guess when the politician is finished with one answer and it is time to leap up and shout another. The point, as an Associated Press reporter who did a story on the incident told me, is that the press was not booing a reporter who rudely interrupted a politician; it was booing a reporter who interrupted another reporter.

In this same vein, consider the cheers for Mrs. Ferraro at the end of the press conference. These were widely reported as a spontaneous outburst in tribute to her marvelous stylistic performance, and no doubt there was some of that. On the other hand, one could not help noticing that the applause picked up steam just as some reporters were leaping to their feet to get in another question. The applause seemed mainly aimed at drowning out the reporters who still had something to say. One of these was George Archibald of the *Washington Times,* who had been spurned repeatedly by Mrs. Ferraro during the conference. Others shouted to Mrs. Ferraro that she was breaking her promise to stay until all questions about her finances had been answered.

One event at which Mrs. Ferraro received no applause whatever took place the day before her conference, at a Monday morning briefing that was to feature her accountants, Arthur Young and Co. It seemed the accountants were television-shy, so just before their presentation was to begin, all cameras were ordered out of the room. This did not sit well, needless to say. Several aggressive photographers refused to budge. Others moaned and booed. "Well, you know how Italian men are about cameras," one said. Only after repeated announcements and pleadings were the cameras removed.

In any case, the press conference originally scheduled for that morning was progressively pushed back, an hour at a time, until finally the question-and-answer session with the accountants was canceled and the release of documents reset for 9:30 p.m. Throughout a long, hot afternoon, reporters forced to sit around the Holiday Inn near Mondale headquarters vented their frustration on Mrs. Ferraro. "That bit--," one TV newsman confided. "She'll never get away with this," said another. Sarah McClendon, famous for her own confrontations with press secretaries and politicians, engaged Ferraro press aides in a running shouting match. "You keep saying we'll get the forms in a few minutes," she said, after the third announced delay. "You know that isn't true. You know that's a lie."

[1]My question, a good one in my opinion, was in essence this: Mrs. Ferraro, you and your campaign staff continue to claim that yours was the "most complete" disclosure in history. What about the 420 or so congressmen who each year disclose their spouse's holdings and income, including the sources of that income, in legally required forms?

The Ferraro scandal was the conservative press's Panama Canal: They built it, they paid for it, they're going to keep it.

How was Mrs. Ferraro able to pull off such a smooth triumph before the same crowd just a few hours later?

Part of the answer is that it was not exactly the same crowd. Here we must distinguish between journalists who might be called posers and those who are diggers. It was largely the posers who attended Mrs. Ferraro's Tuesday press conference. This group included the top TV and wire service reporters who follow Mrs. Ferraro around to file daily stories about her campaign. From all appearances, they had not looked into Mrs. Ferraro's finances for ten minutes before leaping in front of the camera to deliver their questions. "I don't know anything about this financial stuff," said one reporter who showed up at the press conference Tuesday not having read the Monday release. These reporters—by and large—are the ones who were recognized at the press conference and who filed the reports exonerating Mrs. Ferraro. Ten minutes after the press conference, they were off to jet to Mrs. Ferraro's next campaign stop.

The diggers, by contrast, were at the Monday release of documents, but on Tuesday were still scrutinizing those forms and developing what would, weeks later, be a second wave of stories. When Mrs. Ferraro was at Kennedy, they were in Washington, reading over her past FEC statements; or in Albany, looking into the corporate history of P. Zaccaro, Inc.; or down on Mulberry Street, checking into some of Mr. Zaccaro's long-time tenants.

Consider the reporters assigned to cover Ferraro's Tuesday press conference for the *New York Times* and *Washington Post.* The *Post*'s next day front-page stories were written by Rick Atkinson and Charles Babcock. Atkinson spent most of the summer traveling with Ferraro. Babcock wrote only three stories on the Ferraro finances in the weeks following the press conference, and all three were about the public trial over John Zaccaro's illegal loan from the widow's trust account. The man whom *Times* national editor Paul Delaney described to me as covering the Ferraro finances, Ralph Blumenthal, didn't even have a front page story the day after the conference. In the weeks following the conference, Mr. Blumenthal managed only five pieces mentioning Ferraro: two summary re-writes of already published material, and three pieces covering Zaccaro's problem with the widow.

The point is, the national reporters chasing after Mrs. Ferraro were hardly going to find something in her tax reports that had not been located in weeks of scrubbing by skilled accountants. Meanwhile, the diggers were not at the press conference, and even if they had been they were not going to find some grand new scandal in the roughly twelve hours between the time

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her disclosure forms were released (after 9 p.m., Monday, August 20) and when the press conference with her accountants began (the next morning, 10 a.m., Tuesday, August 21). It took Woodward and Bernstein, a pair of *Washington Post* metro reporters, *months* to demonstrate painstakingly the intricate web of connections and lies that became Watergate. To think that Jack Smith of ABC, or any other journalist who had done a grand total of a few minutes of reporting, was going to stand up and reduce Geraldine Ferraro to tears in a few minutes was to establish a kind of ludicrous, Perry Mason standard to the whole affair.

Yet that is precisely what the coverage managed to do. Instead of intoning that "the remaining questions will take weeks to resolve," there was a phony surprise that nothing else turned up. A next day *Chicago Sun-Times* headline said that "no new" scandals had emerged from the release. Not only wasn't this true—the Zaccaros had just revealed that they owed more than $50,000 in back taxes; John was about to go on trial for the trust fund loan—it was also ridiculous. All part of establishing the conclusion that "well, we gave it our best shot but the broad's clean."

As usual, what was not said was even more important. No one noticed, for example, that the Ferraros are Rich, and thus were able to Get Off by hiring High Priced Lawyers. Everyone knew, moreover, that complaints had been filed against Mrs. Ferraro before both the House Ethics Committee and the FEC. Yet from August 22 to September 12, the day that Congressman Louis Stokes's House ethics panel announced it was going to investigate Ferraro's finances, not a single major news outlet carried a story on the coming vote. Repeat: not one.[2] Reporting on other forthcoming rulings, such as a complaint lodged with the Federal Election Commission by a liberal Washington law professor, was equally sparse. By deliberately ignoring the forthcoming events of the Ferraro controversy, the press managed to create the impression that all questions had been answered, that nothing further was likely to happen now that Mrs. Ferraro had released all.

The press thus deprived itself of what the profession calls "a news hook." A crucial element in these inquisitions is to have some kind of concrete, official investigation going. This acts, first, as a legitimizing reference point—"But Mrs. Ferraro must still face the House Ethics Committee, as well as the FEC and perhaps the Justice Department. That is why a growing number of advisers feel she should ask for a special prosecutor to investigate all the charges—and quickly. Back to you, Dan." It is also a source of future leaks. Even in this, however, the press may have proved too clever by half. When the Stokes panel surprised everyone and voted to investigate, it was major news, and all three networks ran the item as either their lead or second lead story. That the Stokes committee staffers will not be able to report back before the election let Mr. Stokes off the hook, but compounded the agony for Mrs. Ferraro. Now there was a "news peg," a real investigation, and no way to get a favorable verdict before election day.

Of course, the biggest myth established was that the media had "hotly pursued" Mrs. Ferraro to begin with, as *Time* put it, combing through her past "days after" her nomination, according to the *New York Times*. Actually, the mainstream press didn't begin its half-hearted, five-day chase until weeks after *Human Events*, the *New York Tribune*, *Washington Times*, and Accuracy in Media took off after her.

It was this same crowd that kept the story alive after the Kennedy Airport whitewash. Mr. Archibald, along with Niles Latham at the *New York Post*, focused attention on the activities of Stokes committee staffers who sought, by deliberately mis-shuffling the complaint against Mrs. Ferraro, to put off their investigation until after the election. Joe Sobran continued scrutinizing Ferraro's financial disclosures and discovered several inconsistencies just by closely reading the information that was disclosed. So did the Washington Legal Foundation, which wondered why a $60,000 capital gain Mrs. Ferraro enjoyed never showed up in her congressional disclosure forms, adding this datum to its already extensive complaint to the Stokes committee. To be sure, some members of the big-name newspapers joined in. Jonathan Kwitny, a *Wall Street Journal* reporter, published an extensive article documenting what appears to be a long history of connections between the Zaccaro family and organized crime. The *Philadelphia Inquirer* continued to dispatch reports of Mrs. Ferraro's campaign finances, which have been similarly linked.

Since the major wire services never picked up on these developments, however, it can truly be said that any public knowledge of these facts was being generated by the likes of *National Review* and *Human Events*. The Ferraro scandal was the conservative press's Panama Canal: They built it, they paid for it, they're going to keep it. Both before and after Kennedy Airport, the prestige press trailed along half-heartedly, all the while pretending to be playing the bloodhound.

To some, this has been a source of frustration, but I find it cause for celebration. Once upon a time, the diggers and ferreters were people like Mike Wallace and Harrison Salisbury, Ralph Nader and Geraldo Rivera. Today, they are Claire Sterling and *Reader's Digest*, pursuing the Soviet plot to kill the Pope; Robert Bartley and William Kucewicz at the *Wall Street Journal*, uncovering the horrors of yellow rain; indeed, today, the CBS "60 Minutes" Brigade finds itself on the other end of the magnifying glass, under investigation following its shameless slandering of Gen. William Westmoreland in "The Uncounted Enemy." The right-wing press proved on Mrs. Ferraro that it could a) get the news; b) force the mainstream media to cover it; and c) revive it even after the press was sure it had driven a stake through the story's heart.

Polls on every issue from arms control (96.8 percent say the Soviets are cheating) to the federal budget (more than half want another tax cut, not Mondalenomics) to foreign policy (76 percent want to aid dissident groups behind the Iron Curtain) suggest that somehow, somewhere, people are getting the facts. If anyone need worry about this, it isn't Accuracy in Media but the *New York Times*. The Ferraro case, it seems to me, is but the latest affirmation that organs like the *AIM Report* and indeed this journal may have a lot more clout than even they realize. □

[2]The Nexis news search machine, a computer program which can locate every story on a given issue run by *AP, UPI, Time, Newsweek,* the *New York Times, Washington Post,* and several hundred other publications, finds only five mentions of the Stokes panel, all occurring *before* Mrs. Ferraro's press conference. My own column on the Stokes panel appeared on September 10 in the *Wall Street Journal*, which Nexis does not carry.

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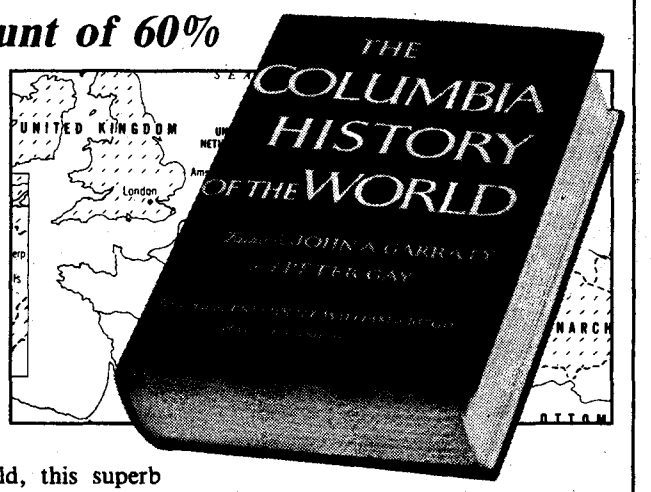

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William Tucker

CONDEMNED TO LIBERATION: THE WOMAN AS BREADWINNER

There were once very good reasons to discriminate against women. What went wrong?

Why have women made less than men for doing the same jobs? Why have women been discriminated against in hiring? Why are there "pink-collar ghettoes"? Why are incompetent men often given preference over obviously more competent women?

These are questions that raise a great deal of anxiety among Americans. They seem *prima facie* evidence of a society that is "biased against women" and practices "sexual discrimination." As one widely quoted statistic has indicated, until recently college-educated women were making less money than men with one to three years of high school.

The solution to these long-standing practices, we are told, is to implement affirmative action, give preferential hiring to women, and occasionally loot corporate or municipal treasuries for vast "back wages" settlements that are awarded to whatever women can be symbolically rounded up at the moment in order to represent the victims of the past.

Only last year, Washington State was ordered to pay $861 million in "back wages" to women because the state casually admitted that it always thought it made sense to pay a higher salary to married men than single women.

Now a bill mandating "comparable worth" pay-scales has sailed through the House of Representatives by a vote of 413-to-6. "Back pay" settlements and "comparative worth" will probably soon be invading the federal civil service, and Congress already has its eyes on the private sector. All this is being done as a way of eliminating "discrimination."

I'm a little leery of all this. A few years ago I taught a writing class in which a young woman—obviously out of touch with the mainstream of American society—pointed out that the original meaning of the word "discriminate" was to "choose intelligently." "The absent are always wrong," is a French proverb, and this is particularly true with our forebears, who are never around to defend themselves. They may have discriminated, but that doesn't mean they didn't know what they were doing.

Our forebears obviously did "discriminate" in giving men preference over women in the job market. The question is, *why* did they do it? Was it because they didn't like women, or thought them inferior? Was it because men felt that work was one of life's great pleasures, and wanted to keep all its satisfaction for themselves? Was it because men didn't believe women to be competent to do the work of an industrial society? It is important to find out these answers, since they will bear heavily on the world we create as we go about diligently dismantling the system handed down to us from the past.

It's not that I'm against women's liberation. I think it is wonderful that women can work. I don't know what we'd do without my wife's $20,000 a year salary, but we certainly wouldn't live as well as we do. Nor do I feel I am alone in this judgment. I had a friend a couple of years ago who married one of those "old-fashioned" women who hated work, and spent all her time shopping for clothes and trying to look glamorous. After a few months of running after her charge accounts, he divorced her as quickly as possible and married a woman who was studying to become a lawyer.

The point, then, is not to turn back the clock and try to revive the old stereotypes. It is already clear that those days are gone. The question is how far we have to go in "undoing the injustices of the past." If it was simply malice or misapprehension that caused us to discriminate against women, then we certainly owe women a great debt. But if there were other motives involved, then it is imperative that we find out what they were. Otherwise, we will be very little prepared for any new injustices that we may be creating in undoing the old system.

The answer as to why we discriminated against women came to me after reading *Scientific American*'s special issue on "The Mechanization of Work" a year ago. Among the articles about robots and computers was a treatise called "The Mechanization of Women's Work," by Joan Wallach Scott, a professor of history at Brandeis.

In it, Scott presented the standard arguments for society's "oppression of women." She showed how women had been segregated in the work force, assigned to specific tasks designated as "women's work," underpaid, and usually forced to leave jobs entirely when they got married. Many of Scott's points have been made before, but I would like to repeat them here, because they are what got me thinking on these matters.

As Scott pointed out, women have always worked. They labored heroically in agriculture, and in the home, long before industrialization came on the scene. "In certain essential respects," she argued, "the work that women do has changed little since before the Industrial Revolution. Occupations are still frequently segregated according to sex. Women as a group are paid less than men."

When early factories were put up, she noted, they were manned almost exclusively by single girls between the ages of 16 and 25. Later, when men began to move into these jobs, women were often segregated on the same factory floor, doing work labeled "women's jobs" for distinctly lower wages.

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The same thing happened in offices. "Clerks" were originally men, training in the hopes of moving up the ladder into positions of responsibility. When typewriters were invented, however, women were substituted. The original title for these new clerks was "female typewriter." As the position of "secretary" evolved, it once again became a dead-end job reserved almost exclusively for low-paid, single women.

Even when they didn't leave the home, as Scott points out, women often took in piece-work—laundry or sewing jobs from factory contractors. Once again, these jobs paid low, and were performed under adverse conditions. Women often had to do piecework at home, keep house, and take care of the children, all at the same time. They labored as hard as anybody in society.

Have things changed much in the last few decades? Scott tells us they haven't. "Since World War II . . . there has been a dramatic increase in the number of married women who work, in both the middle class and the working class. The evidence nonetheless indicates that economic pressure and not free time propels most women into the labor force." Perhaps getting a little tendentious, she argues that improvements in home-cleaning technology—vacuum cleaners, washing machines—have simply "replaced servants," and only made it easier for women to work outside the home while still keeping house. In the end, she argues, women are not much freer from "repression" and "control" than they ever were—even though they are training to become doctors and lawyers. "The revolution of women is yet to come," she concludes.

Why did this pattern of "women's work" evolve? I think there is a very simple explanation. It came to me while I was reading Scott's article.

Scott provided it—albeit unwittingly—when she quoted a nineteenth-century Scottish reformer, Andrew Ure, who spent time observing the work patterns that were emerging in the new knitting mills. Writing in 1835, he noted that "the constant aim and tendency of every improvement in machinery [is] to supersede human labor altogether or to diminish its cost, by substituting the industry of women and children for that of men. . . . The effect of substituting a self-acting mule (i.e., a machine) for the common mule (i.e., a man) is to discharge the great part of men spinners and to retain adolescents and children."

Now I ask you to think about this a minute. If trying to give men preferential treatment over women in jobs is nothing more than a male-hatched plot to reserve all the best jobs for adult men, why doesn't the same argument apply for children? Aren't our child-labor laws—those reforms of a forgotten era—also a form of "discrimination"? Why doesn't some 12-year-old hire an attorney and sue U.S. Steel or Continental Coal Company for eight-zillion dollars in back wages denied to him and all other 12-year-olds for the "age discrimination" of not allowing them to go down into the mines anymore?

Now somebody is probably already saying, "There's no comparison—children shouldn't be allowed to work, while women should." But already I think you can sense this argument is on shaky ground. Most of the early reform movements for reducing working hours and improving working conditions were made on behalf of women *and* children simultaneously. As early as 1852, for example, Ohio had adopted a law limiting women and children's working conditions to ten hours a day. When Massachusetts adopted the nation's first minimum wage law in 1912, it applied only to women and children.

Employers usually referred to these efforts to regulate women and children's working conditions as "socialism." They argued that women and children ought to be left free to contract their labor with employers just like everybody else. The Supreme Court upheld this argument many times. If the effort to distinguish between men, women, and children in the work force was nothing more than a conspiracy among men to "push women out of the workplace," it certainly escaped the notice of the crusaders of that era.

In order to understand why we eventually discriminated against women in jobs, I think we have to go back and look at the Industrial Revolution from its original perspective.

What was happening when the first factories went up? The products they turned out were replacing goods already being made by skilled craftsmen—who were almost exclusively male, and were paid a much higher wage. Women and children were brought in to replace men—not because the capitalists were so fond of women and children, and wanted to give them equal opportunity—but because they were unskilled, and could therefore be paid a much lower wage.

This, of course, is what so appalled the reformers of the era—a vast number of them women. Capitalism was horrifying to them because it was completely indifferent to distinctions of age and sex (or race and national origin, for that matter). It was willing to throw grown men out of work and replace them with their wives and daughters. By building machines that required little or no skills to operate, capitalism vastly expanded the size of the work force. This made it possible to pay everyone a lower wage, because of the increased competition among laborers. If anything, the capitalists of the era were only too eager to discriminate in favor of women and children, since it enabled them to bypass more skilled men and tap an almost unlimited pool of unskilled labor. Although few feminists would probably be willing to accept the argument today, the truth is that early capitalists were the real "equal opportunity employers."

The point probably doesn't need too much emphasizing, but let me drive it home a bit more, just to be sure what ground we are standing on. There is a whole industry in academia today that makes a living by saying that whatever is wrong with society is the fault of "capitalism." If nineteenth-century capitalism didn't produce enough wealth, that was the fault of capitalism. If twentieth-century capitalism produces too much wealth, and thus engenders a "culture of narcissism," then that is also the fault of capitalism (or "late capitalism" as it is usually designated). "Capitalism is as capitalism does," is the standard formula, and whatever is wrong with society, *ipso facto,* is the fault of capitalism.

Now let's face it. You can say what you want about capitalism—how obsessed it is with money, or indifferent it may or may not be to the personal lives, health, or working conditions of its employees. But one thing you *cannot* say about capitalists is that it makes any difference to them who they employ. They don't care if you are a man, woman, or child, an illegal immigrant, Mexican, Ecuadorian, Puerto Rican, Hong Kong Chinese, Samoan or Australian Bushman. Capitalists have often been known to pick up their machines and move entire factories across the ocean just to give these poor, benighted people an opportunity to exercise their labor. Improved technology has placed some higher values on skilled labor, but even today businesses remain the major exponents of illegal immigrants—often filling whole factories with these renegade workers, to the great consternation of organized labor. That is precisely what nineteenth-century reformers found so shameless about capitalists—that they made absolutely no social distinctions between men, women, and children, Mexican peons, or Chinese coolies, in the labor force. They were willing to send any or all of them into the most dangerous and menial jobs, as long as they got the work done.

In light of this, it is almost inconceivable that anyone can argue—as many feminists do today—that it was a conspiracy among "the men who control corporate wealth" that drove women *out* of the labor force and

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segregated them into marginal areas of "women's work." On the contrary, capitalists were the major exponents for bringing women and children *into* the labor force on an equal basis. Somebody else was responsible for this social alignment. The question is, who?

A simple answer might be, "the reformers," who wanted to rescue women and children from the harrowing conditions of working life. But this argument doesn't really carry. Reformers are always crusading for something or other. They want to ban alcohol, adopt the children of the poor, educate the masses, establish world government, disband nation-states, or do away with nuclear weapons. Some of these ideas catch on and others don't. Far more important than what the reformers are preaching is how these ideas match the interests of the great mass of people.

Limiting children's, and later women's, participation in the work force was an idea that *did* catch on. It wasn't because it had an immediate appeal to everyone. As reformers of the period usually discovered—much to their dismay—the people who were often most anxious to put their children *into* the work force were their own parents. Children's wages represented income—just as women's wages did—and poor working families were the last people willing to give them up (just as the children of the poor today are the least likely people to stay in school, even though they would benefit the most).

So how did it come about that women and children were finally removed—or at least "segregated"—into separate sectors of working society? Strangely enough, I think it happened because it was finally realized that, although it wasn't to anybody's individual advantage to pull several family members out of the work force, it could be to everybody's advantage if everybody did.

The decisive campaign was probably the "family wage" movement promoted during the first decade of the twentieth century by a broad coalition of reformers—including the Catholic Church, the labor unions, the social welfare movement, and even American socialist parties.

The "family wage," or "living wage," as it was called, was based on the theory that wages should not be tied to production alone, but that every breadwinner in society had a right to make enough money to support a family. Implicit in this argument was the principle that a man should not have to put his wife and children out to work. As John A. Ryan, an American Catholic reformer, wrote in his book, *A Living Wage,* published in 1906, "The welfare of the whole family, and that of society likewise, renders it imperative that the wife and mother should not engage in any labor except in the household."

Our forebears obviously did "discriminate" in giving men preference over women in the job market. But did they do it because they didn't like women, or thought them inferior?

Modern feminists will probably look at these arguments as an incipient form of "discrimination," but the real intent was quite different. What the family wage reformers were grasping for was the idea that if the size of the labor force could be artificially limited, then the laws of supply and demand would dictate that employers would have to pay the family breadwinner a higher, "family" wage.

Although it was never adopted as an official "national policy," the family wage, I believe, was implicitly accepted in America and other countries as a new social contract. It was, indeed, a form of benign "socialism"—not in the sense of "national planning" or a government-directed economy, as socialism later came to mean, but only an informal and unstructured set of agreements meant to override the market. As they produced the desired results, these informal agreements gradually became a very rigid set of accepted social customs.

The new formulation was simply this: "Only one principal wage earner per family." You won't find it written down anywhere—the whole thing was accomplished at an almost subliminal level. But that was the purpose of almost every one of the "absurd" restrictions that were put on women's participation in the job market, plus the successful exclusion of children from the labor force altogether.

The family was made the fundamental unit of society. As feminist Barbara Ehrenreich notes in her recent book, *The Hearts of Men,*[1] we created a "family wage system," whereby the great majority of jobs in society paid one person enough to support a normal family consisting of a man, a woman, and their children. The *man* was designated as the "breadwinner," and was given special considerations in job placement—not to victimize women and children, but to prevent the principal wage earner in each family from having to compete against his own and other people's wives and children in the labor market.

This is the reason that ours and other societies have "discriminated" against women. It was indeed a form of "discrimination," in the sense of making intelligent choices. But it was not a system that we have to feel embarrassed about. In fact, it had some very fair, intelligent, and admirable aspects. It might even be said that we have abandoned some of its fairness and created a few injustices of our own in ambitiously tearing the whole thing apart.

There is a whole book of scholarship waiting to be written, I believe, explaining all the peculiar customs of the early part of this century in terms of this model.

For example, a short time ago a writer to the *New York Times* letters page submitted the terms of a public schoolteacher's contract as agreed to in Sullivan County, N.Y. in 1910. Among the provisions were ones that female teachers (all teachers were assumed to be female) couldn't marry during the terms of their contract and couldn't leave town without the school board's permission. In *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn,* Betty Smith describes similar practices in New York City schools. Teachers were allowed to stay on their jobs if they married, but had to take a pay cut if they wanted to remain. In her recent book *The Second Stage,* Betty Friedan complains continuously of "archaic" social customs that forced women to leave their jobs when they got married.

In her *Scientific American* article, Joan Wallach Scott reports that:

> Just as jobs in the mill had been, so the jobs of secretary and telephone operator were designated as employment for single women. Age limits of between 18 and 25 were usually enforced. Employers often required young women to leave their jobs when they married, whether they wanted to leave or not . . .

All this might just be interpreted as "prejudice against women"—or, more accurately, "prejudice against marriage," since one of the most important distinctions was between married and single women. Or perhaps we could just consider these rules the odd, incomprehensible folkways of some inscrutable primitive tribe.

But I think it makes much more sense if we realize that what society was trying to do was make an informal allotment of jobs and income among families, so that everybody got a reasonable share. The "unfairness" that society was trying to avoid was a situation where both the husband and wife of one family would be earning full salaries, while the breadwinner in another family was left unemployed.

The main purpose, of course, was to protect less-skilled people nearer the bottom of the economic ladder. They were obviously the most vulnerable. Consider again, for example, the commonly cited statistic that, until very recently, women with college degrees were earning less than men with less than three years of high school. From one perspective this seems very unfair—highly capable women being "discriminated against" in the job market. But in another sense, it is a very fair situation, in that the man with only a high-school education does not have to compete against both the husband and the wife of a better-educated couple in trying to support his own family. The "one-paycheck-per-family" system was a socially conscious effort to achieve a *downward* redistribution of income.

Moreover, it was very important to avoid exceptions—to make sure that no woman could make a "living wage" while being supported by her husband. If one woman did it, everyone would want to do it, and the whole system would quickly fall apart.

[1]Doubleday, $13.95/$5.95 paper.

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As we have proved in the last ten years, making a few exceptions would quickly ensure that the whole carefully constructed system would come crashing down.

How did this informal social contract break up? The answer is very simple. There was one group in society that felt particularly disadvantaged by the arrangement. That was intelligent, affluent, highly educated women.

They perceived—rightly—that their talents and training were restricted, in that they could easily outperform many men in the system—except for the informal rule of "one-breadwinner-per-family."

It should be noted here that these women were not exactly idle during this period. Many literary critics of the era—Van Wyck Brooks, for instance—complained that American arts and letters were hopelessly unrepresentative of the culture because these activities were totally dominated by women. Literary salons and literary tastes were female provinces—a tradition that lives on even today in those 700-page romantic best-sellers that only women ever seem to have the time to read. Men, Brooks complained, were so preoccupied with the business of making money that they had little time or interest to contribute to arts and leisure. The same was generally true for reform movements, charitable efforts, and other types of volunteer activity.

But the society eventually did produce a particular type of woman—Betty Friedan is probably the prototype—who was no longer satisfied with either being a housewife, *or* with being an all-purpose, volunteer soldier for charity or the arts. As Friedan herself expressed it, she wanted to "do battle with the world."

These women knew that, given equal access, they could do better in the job market than a great many men. They also probably understood, instinctively at least, that breaking up the system would not hurt them, but would tend to concentrate most of the disadvantages at the bottom end of the scale. The poor, on the other hand, never really had enough articulated understanding, or "access to the media," in order to mount a defense of the old system. This is undoubtedly the reason why "women's liberation" continues to gain its strongest support among affluent women *and* men—while it is still most stubbornly resisted by people near the bottom of the economic ladder.

But such is life. I think our society is probably better off having women adding their talent to the local production of society, and that we gain more than we lose by their participation. But I think it should be made very clear what the consequences of breaking this informal social contract of "one-principal-wage-earner-per-family" have been.

The consequences are simply this: Once a few women started working, *all* women had to start working. The logic is easy to follow. Once a few upper-income, highly educated women moved into the work force, they necessarily replaced a few men. These men, in turn, finding their opportunities more constricted, suffered a diminution in income. In turn, *their* wives had to go out and work in order to maintain the same standard of living, and so on down the line.

One of the most striking things about the 1970s was how women went almost overnight from a position of being artificially excluded from the labor force to a position of almost *having* to work. I used to hear this all the time as a suburban reporter. "To heck with all this women's lib stuff," women would say. "We're working just to pay the bills."

Recent statistics have shown—to everyone's surprise—that married women are now participating in the work force at almost twice the rate of single women—60 percent, as opposed to about 35 percent. Obviously, economic necessity, and not the desire for a career, is driving a great many of these people.

Feminist writers also note this phenomenon—but do not seem to understand its origin. Betty Friedan's second book, *The Second Stage* (1981), was written in response to a growing backlash she was getting from "superwomen" who are trying to hold down demanding jobs, maintain homes, and care for families—and finding it almost impossible to jump off this economic treadmill. She reports getting angry phone calls in the middle of the night from women blaming her for their predicament. She expresses great fear that women are about to "give up our hard-won freedoms" and rush back to giving men the breadwinning role.

Friedan's response is to blame it all on "inflation" and "the energy crisis," and suggested that once the economy improved, women would no longer have to work so much to support their families. Inflation has slowed down, and the economy improved, but we are no closer to returning to a "family wage" system than we were in 1980.

In a book with even more impact, Barbara Ehrenreich's *The Hearts of Men,* the author—a long-time socialist—is quite aware of the history of the "family wage." She notes that only 40 percent of all jobs now pay enough for one person to support a family on. (Presumably the figure was about double this twenty years ago.) But Ehrenreich argues this is the result of a malicious conspiracy by "the men who run corporate America," and says if we stopped building nuclear weapons, wages would go back up again. Once again, I must disagree. All it means is that women, by flooding into the labor market, have driven down everybody's wages.

All this is not a surprising outcome, and could have easily been predicted by anyone taking the trouble to understand the old formula. By having *some* women enter the labor force on an equal basis with men, we have simply broken down the restrictions that *artificially* limited the labor pool. As a result, we have created a more competitive situation in which everyone makes slightly less money. (If you don't believe this, then let's try putting children back in the labor force, and see what happens then.) Since everyone's salaries are now lower, women *have* to work in order to help their husbands support their families. Women *have* to work in order to help their families. Women are now condemned to liberation.

This doesn't seem to be exactly what feminists intended. Ehrenreich, for example, sees the outcome as another plot hatched by "corporate America." Her solution is to have the federal government become a new Sugar Daddy. Using the black welfare matriarchy as a *positive* role model, she calls for a "planned economy," featuring "an adequate program of government income support—something far more generous and dignified than our present system of welfare—to ease the transition into "a world without a father."

There is a great irony in all this. In truth, it is pretty obvious that a number of upper-educated women who have been spearheading the women's movement have basically been trying to design a system that will allow them to get along independently of men. Yet, in a classic vindication of Emerson's "Law of Compensation," they have actually ended up creating a system in which marriage is even *more* necessary.

In 1970, for example, Gloria Steinem argued that all the women's movement wanted to do was share the responsibilities of supporting a family. "Men will have to give up their ruling class privileges," she told *Time* magazine, "but in return they will no longer be the only ones to support the family. . . . All you have to lose is your coronaries."

It is clear now, however, that this promise was probably only half-intended. Many upper-education women obviously thought that by breaking into the job market, they would be able to pull down salaries that would allow them to live independently of men. But this has proved to be an economic optical illusion—like trying to pull the moon out of the water.

Instead, in the new, more atomistic society, it has become even more necessary for people to combine incomes in order to create a "family" wage. In a market flooded with single men, single women, working husbands, and working wives, the big losers are the "single-parent families," where only one potential wage-earner is available. We have become a "two-paycheck society" (or probably, more accurately, a "one-and-a-half paycheck society"). Instead of making it easier for men or women to live independently, women's liberation has made it more important than ever to have two people around to help pay the bills.

Where do we go from here?

There have been some suggestions that we simply go back to the old one-paycheck society, with men in the work force and women in the home. Phyllis Shlafly and George Gilder have both recommended it, and there are probably millions of beleaguered women who wouldn't mind easing back into the old mode. Yet, basically, I think it is impossible. Too many people have already adjusted to the new situation, and we are in a society that has become obsessed with eliminating all forms of "discrimination," intelligent or not.

(continued on page 51)

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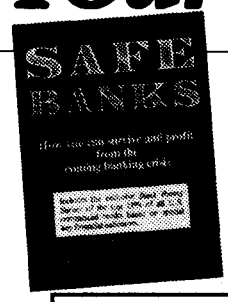

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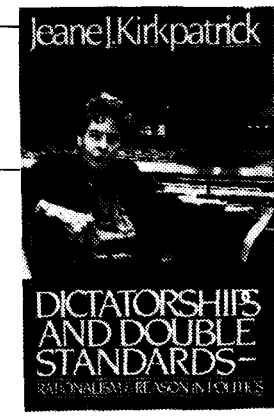

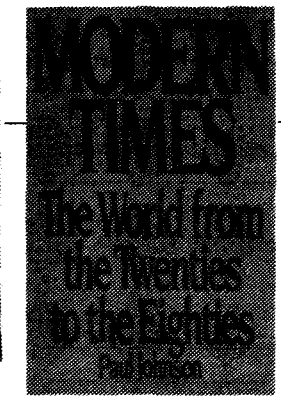

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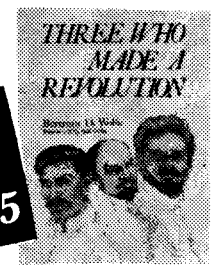

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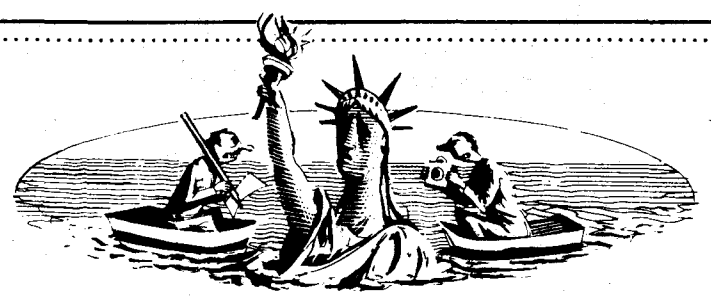


RULES OF THE GAME

by Fred Barnes

Not often is a Hollywood movie denounced for airing the "cockeyed nightmares of those on the lunatic fringe, the self-styled patriots who might even embarrass the members of the John Birch Society." Yet that's what Vincent Canby, the easily aroused film critic of the *New York Times,* wrote about *Red Dawn.* Nor do reviewers routinely dismiss a movie that emerges as a box-office hit as "the first homegrown fascist film since *The Fountainhead.*" But that's the rap that Peter Biskind, the editor of *American Film* and critic for the *Washington Weekly,* laid on *Red Dawn.* Nor does TRB normally take time in his column in the *New Republic* to mention a movie, much less attack one as exemplifying "the worst kind" of patriotism, appealing to "nativist sentiment," and signifying that Hollywood "can swerve right just as fatuously as it swerved left fifteen years ago." But he made an exception in the case of *Red Dawn.*

What is it about this movie that touches off such hysteria in the press? Admittedly, it is hokey in parts, clumsy in others, and poorly acted in still others. The plot isn't without holes, either. But it's not these flaws that get much criticism. The objection to *Red Dawn* is that it is anti-Communist—and unabashedly, aggressively, and noisily so. This is unacceptable. It's one thing for a movie to be critical of swinish North Vietnamese soldiers, as *The Deer Hunter* was a few years ago, so long as the movie also makes the point that the Vietnam war had a devastating impact on Americans. But it is something else to show Communist troops in an unfavorable light, while lionizing the American guerrillas who resist a Soviet-Cuban-Nicaraguan invasion. That's what *Red Dawn* does, and that is against the rules.

As TRB noted, Hollywood took a sharp turn to the left about the time of the student revolts and anti-Vietnam demonstrations. Maybe a slew of movie critics protested this trend, but if they did, they managed to mute their complaints enough to keep me from hearing them. To my knowledge, the only one to comment critically on Hollywood's drift to the left was Richard Grenier of *Commentary,* who last year drew an interesting distinction between "soft left" movies like *The Big Chill* and "hard left" ones such as the pro-Sandinista *Under Fire.* For other critics, however, a double standard applied. Leftist films might be criticized for their artistic failings, but never for the tilt of their political message. But movies with a conservative message—not that there are many of them—are likely to be judged as fatally flawed because of their political slant, no matter what their artistic worth.

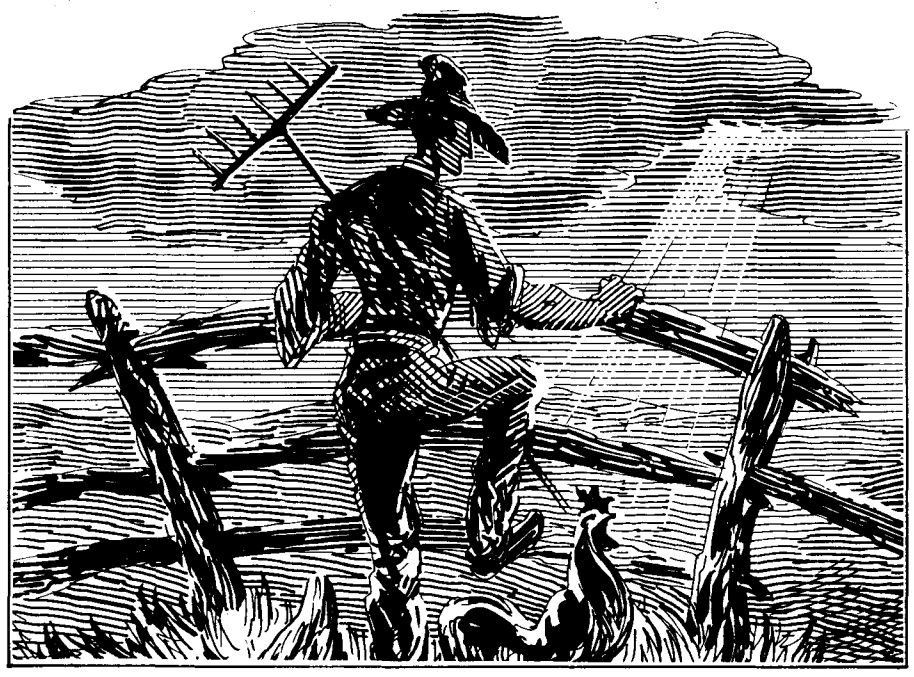
Sometimes a movie slips through the critical net. This happened with *Improper Conduct,* the documentary that brilliantly lays out Fidel Castro's record of oppression in Cuba. It got favorable reviews in both the European and American press, perhaps because its emphasis on Castro's cruel treatment of homosexuals links the movie to the trendy issue of gay rights. In any event, *American Film,* which is published by the American Film Institute and is probably the most influential film magazine in the country, sought to erase the effect of those reviews with a sweeping attack on the film and the two Cuban exiles who produced it. The "real story behind the film's making has yet to surface in any of the rapturous appreciations," declared B. Ruby Rich.

The real story? As Rich told it, the real story is that Castro is a great guy and homosexuals are treated just swell in Cuba. "I was one of the six hundred delegates to the annual film festival in Havana last December, and we were all invited to the Palace of the Revolution to meet the Commandante," Rich wrote. "I, too, can testify: He had no horns! He had no tail! . . . The litany of evil in the film is so extreme, so motivated by personal animus, that it is self-defeating, particularly in its endless and absurd comparisons of Cuba and Nazi Germany." *Improper Conduct* is simply a "revenge film" put out by two film-makers, cinematographer Nestor Almendros and director Orlando Jimenez-Leal, with ties to the Cuban "émigré Right," Rich said.

Sure, Rich conceded, there was once a period of unpleasantness for homosexuals in Castro's Cuba, but that's all over now. ". . . My own trips to Cuba before and after Mariel (in 1980) and my contacts with a number of lesbians and gay men there suggest a very different reality from that constructed by the émigrés in *Improper Conduct,*" Rich insisted. "Things have certainly changed for homosexuals. Gays can be found throughout the island's cultural and political scenes; they are known in their communities; there is a world of parties and networks that exists outside any bar scene." Anyway, Rich claimed, the film-makers don't care about homosexuals; they're just using them to nail Castro. "The entire issue of homosexuality is ultimately a means to an end: the attack on Fidel Castro and, through him, Cuba itself. . . . The film is mediocre propaganda, lacking the stirring montage of *Triumph of the Will,* and predictably conservative in its talking-heads format."

Notice the mention of *Triumph of the Will,* the pro-Nazi film made fifty years ago by the German director Leni Riefenstahl. An old tactic is at work here: tarring any conservative offering with the Nazi brush. Which brings us back to *Red Dawn.* Guess what Biskind, who edits the magazine that ran Rich's pro-Castro rantings, says about John Milius, the director of *Red Dawn.* "Milius sees himself as the Leni Riefenstahl of the Reagan administration," he wrote. The movie "resembles" a type of German movie in the years before World War II that extolled tough, virile mountain climbers, "later to become Hitler youth." On the smear level, you can't do much better than that.

Despite the frothing reviews—or maybe because of them—*Red Dawn* has touched a popular chord. TRB argued that it represents patriotism of an exclusionary sort. "We're told that the Communist invasion began with illegal aliens from Mexico blowing up a SAC base—an appeal to nativist sentiment made especially ugly by its complete illogic," he wrote. "But the dominant form of exclusionary patriotism is political, and the main



Fred Barnes is National Political Reporter for the Baltimore Sun.

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purveyor is the Republican party. Republicans have taken as a campaign theme that anyone who disagrees with them is un-American." TRB meant that as a slur on the movie; Milius, after all, disclosed to *Human Events* that he is a supporter of Ronald Reagan. But I think the appeal of the movie has nothing to do with what type of patriotism it reflects. Folks happen to like a film in which Communists, not some evil cabal of Americans, are the bad guys. And they don't care if every movie critic of every newspaper and magazine in the country tells them otherwise.

• • •

In the department of myths of the American press that never die, the Number One ranking is held by the old canard that Presidents successfully manipulate reporters to get favorable coverage. My view is not quite the opposite, but almost, namely that Presidents try manipulation but usually fail pathetically at it. For taking this dissenting position, I was zapped by the author of a book propagating the manipulation myth. The author, Joseph Spear, whose book *The Presidents and the Press* I'd recently reviewed in the *Washington Journalism Review,* wrote to the *WJR* and said I am "a gored ox and cantankerous naysayer." He said that since I once covered the White House for a newspaper, I would naturally contend that White House reporters don't allow themselves to be manipulated. That sounds plausible, I have to admit. Plausible but wrong. The pressure on reporters covering any politician, and especially the President, is rarely from the pol or his aides. Rather, it's from the reporter's peers and editors to zing the political figure relentlessly. But I will make one concession: I am losing the argument over manipulation.

The freshest piece of evidence for this is a front-page piece in the *Village Voice,* that oracle of chic leftist thinking. "How Reagan Seduced Us," the headline read, with "Inside the President's Propaganda Factory." What the breathless article reveals is that Reagan and his minions are always eager for public support. They try to put the best face on whatever they do. Worse, they regularly pursue the old political rule of not stepping on your story. This means they stress one event or one announcement or one appointment or one photo opportunity each day—and only one. "Few, if any, presidents have been as successful as Ronald Reagan in influencing what the press reports about him," wrote Mark Hertsgaard, a fellow at the Institute for Policy Studies. Why, he and his aides "have assembled an extensive propaganda apparatus that does most of its work out of sight." They figure out "the line of the day" at a private morning meeting that will later be "fed" to supine reporters. What in heaven's name does Hertsgaard expect? That in a world free of right-wing conspirators, routine White House meetings would be held on the South Lawn, with press and public invited to sit in? That the President and his pals wouldn't want to coordinate their message? We had a President who didn't do this—Jimmy Carter—and he was pilloried as incompetent.

Anyway, all these scary, never-ending tales about White House plotting against the press overlook something. Reporters in Washington aren't a bunch of St. Francis of Assisi types who aim only to inform the public. Anybody who's picked up a copy of the *Washington Post* or most any other paper in the last fifteen years knows that. The press is not a neutral conduit of information, particularly where Presidents are concerned. Here is how two former administration officials put it: "Whatever else may be said, for the President the media environment of the early 1980s is strikingly different from the early Sixties.

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Vietnam, Watergate, and related attempts to manipulate the media changed the way in which the press corps reports the presidency. . . . Although the media have traditionally been independent and critical of government, media attitudes now are unrelentingly adversarial." Tough criticism of the press, huh? And it wasn't offered up by dyspeptic aides from the Nixon Administration or by conservative zealots from Reagan's White House. The authors, Ben W. Heineman, Jr. and Curtis A. Hessler, are young liberals who served in the Carter Administration. With the press as hard-charging adversary, manipulation is not a realistic goal for any President. But if he's lucky and good, he might achieve survival. □

SPECTATOR'S JOURNAL

HONG KONG: BEFORE THE ANSCHLUSS

by Miriam London and Ta-ling Lee

A gloomy quip circulated in Hong Kong about the recent negotiations in Peking over that colony's future. The word for "negotiate" in Mandarin is *tan-pan,* literally to "talk-decide." According to the local wits, it was the British who were talking and the Chinese who were deciding.

In fact, Peking's basic decision to resume absolute sovereignty and administrative control over Hong Kong after the expiration of the British lease to the New Territories in 1997 seems never to have been negotiable. Some residents of the colony who cannot accept their own sense of doom and helplessness have become fixated on the details of the bilateral accord initialed on September 26, seeking more specific "guarantees" of a way of life now slipping away. Others do not deceive themselves. They know that such guarantees are a pipe dream.

It was primarily the many wishful seekers of firm assurances, ripe for self-delusion, who were swept into euphoria by British Foreign Secretary Sir Geoffrey Howe's August 1 statements to the international press, which were widely reported as a "breakthrough" in the talks, meaning the definite achievement of a "legally binding" agreement, preserving "all the rights and freedoms" now enjoyed by the people of Hong Kong. Before the elation could settle, however, China made public a correction: The accord was not even to be termed an "agreement," as Sir Geoffrey had misled everyone at his Hong Kong press conference to believe, let alone that most binding of international contracts, a treaty. It was to be called only a "joint declaration." As the *Far Eastern Economic Review* further revealed on August 23, the British afterwards "meekly concurred" that this was so and "conceded that their original intention was to have the document called an 'agreement,' but they failed to sway the Chinese, who adamantly refused to enter into any 'agreement' with Britain which would dictate how Peking should administer Hong Kong, its own territory, after 1997."

British attempts to gloss over the formal designation of the accord—what's in a name?—hardly reassure those in Hong Kong who remain coldly aware that, as it is, the colony's fate rests on words, and words alone, to be interpreted ultimately by whatever sovereign Chinese Communist regime happens to be in power. Now they are further asked to have faith that Peking is "legally bound" to mean what it does not agree to say. The "breakthrough" episode has thus ended by raising even more disturbing questions not only about British weakness and dissemblance, but about the actual strength of the accord on 1997, which, on Chinese insistence, is to be ratified willy-nilly before the end of this year.

The people of Hong Kong have had no direct say in this accord, although both British and Chinese officials claim to have heeded public opinion and represented majority interests, as each side chooses to view them. Once the accord has been initialed and made public, Hong Kong cannot amend it in any way, but rather, as Sir Geoffrey and the British Secretary for Home Affairs, Denis Bray, have euphemistically put it, must consider it as "a whole." In the plainer English of the *South China Morning Post,* the people of Hong Kong have "two stark choices"—"take it or leave it." For the illusionless in the colony it matters little. At best, the "joint declaration" will provide a bit more time to review one's personal options before what one British conservative calls the "countdown to Communism" begins.

Outsiders who view Hong Kong as a sort of glittering capitalist excrescence, to be gauged only by its economic indicators, miss the point. During the last 35 years, while the China mainland was swept arbitrarily from one state of disastrous turmoil to the next, Hong Kong became a stable Chinese city-state, a house on a rock. That rock was the British system of law, which secured basic human rights for all and freedom in every sphere of life. About half of Hong Kong's residents have in the past personally experienced and chosen to escape Chinese Communist rule. Many among them understand to the point of pain the difference between the two systems and find unbearable the prospect of being reabsorbed by a country where, as one of them put it, "people are less than human beings and where one word from Deng Xiaoping is stronger than law."

Typically, however, a number of students at Hong Kong University and the Chinese University of Hong Kong, who generally graduate to become a high-salaried and influential elite, are left-leaning and naive. They are beguiled by the "logic" of Chinese nationalism, which requires that the role of the British as "colonial masters" must end and Hong Kong "return to the motherland." What these nationalistic students do not realize, an intellectual emigrant from the People's Republic said last summer in Hong Kong, is that "first there must be regard for *human* dignity. Only then can one talk about *Chinese* dignity."

In Hong Kong, as in other places in the past about to be swallowed up by a totalitarian power, welcomers and optimists, both real and hypocritical, have already appeared and the first rustle of activity among accommodators and opportunists is plainly discernible. But the majority of its residents make clear in various ways their fear and distrust of Peking. A local financial daily, *Hsin Pao,* voiced the question underlying the unease: "Once Hong Kong becomes 'internal,' will Peking keep its promises . . . ?"

Miriam London is a researcher in Chinese and Soviet studies. Ta-ling Lee is professor of history at Southern Connecticut State University.

The Alternative Influence

By Philip F. Lawler

Their ranks are small, but alternative news organizations play a significant role in determining the news America reads and watches. ***The Alternative Influence*** by Philip F. Lawler is the first book to probe the inner workings of nine such groups from across the political spectrum.

Mr. Lawler raises provocative questions about the television networks' involvement with several of these organizations—ties that are little known and not well understood by the viewing public. And he brings to light the curious web of relationships among certain politically motivated groups.

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The Communist leadership does not understand the extent of this popular mood any more than it understands the workings of a capitalist economy or the well-springs of Hong Kong's success. Its ignorance is reinforced, many in the colony believe, by the characteristic tendency of subordinates like Xu Jiatun, head of the New China (Xinhua) News Agency and unofficial "boss" of Hong Kong, to report back mainly what Peking wants to hear. The leaders in Peking clearly assume that they have gone the limit in giving lordly assurances that Hong Kong's separate system and lifestyle will be maintained, according to the formula of "one country—two systems." "We have said this on many occasions," Deng told a visiting group of Hong Kong industrialists, as though this were enough to lay all doubt to rest.

"Some people worry that our policies may change," Deng also told the industrialists. "I can say with a certainty that as long as our policies are correct, no one can change them." Such a statement merely stabs the worriers of Hong Kong with another reminder that China's "correct" policies of today were the criminally incorrect ones of yesterday and may be so again tomorrow. Unlike Burton Levin, the U.S. Consul General in Hong Kong, who recently declared that China had been "immunized" against a repetition of calamitous past errors "for a long time to come or even permanently," most Chinese are not so very sure about the future to which they, not Mr. Levin, will be hostage. Indeed, they cannot look with any certainty at all beyond Deng's death. What they see now is that his would-be successors, Zhao Ziyang and Hu Yaobang, lack military support and could easily be swept away, that the "leftist" forces are by no means routed and that many of the middle and lower cadres, who even now frequently sabotage central policies that threaten their status, are waiting for Deng to die in the hope of making a comeback. Even now a murky struggle for power, linked with a potentially destabilizing factionalism, proceeds behind the scenes. It is true that the present revisionist trend has strong popular backing and would seem difficult to reverse without plunging the country into chaos. But China is not ruled by its own people and absolute power often undertakes the unthinkable. The essential point is that, as a future part of the People's Republic, Hong Kong will no longer be buffered, as before, against the possibility of erratic change. It will have slipped from its rock into the sea of China's uncertainty.

Doubt has also attacked the assumption, which previously seemed to make good sense, that Peking has a vested interest in maintaining the prosperity of Hong Kong, from which China obtains at least 30 percent of its foreign exchange earnings. The suspicion grows that the "pragmatic" Deng Xiaoping has instead given sovereignty unreserved priority over economic self-interest. Not only do Deng and his men fail to understand that they can smother Hong Kong's economy simply by embracing it, they may be ready, however regrettably, to sacrifice it. Indeed, an internal speech by an official of the Foreign Ministry has reportedly alerted the higher Party cadres to be psychologically prepared to give up, if necessary, the considerable income from Hong Kong, in order to safeguard the principle of sovereignty. As one colony resident who learned of this speech expressed it, more than anything else, "Deng wants to go down in history as the reunifier of China." For an old man's vainglory, more than five million people may go down the drain.

An ugly glimpse of Deng's fixity of purpose and imperial arrogance was recently afforded the people of the colony by his crude dismissal of two high Party officials' statements that People's Liberation Army troops would not be sent into Hong Kong and by his televised brusque reception of three unofficial members of Hong Kong's Executive and Legislative Councils (Umelco), who tried without success to convince him of an existent crisis of confidence. Deng instead showed his hand to them. The British, he strongly implied, understood very well that "the People's Republic of China is no Argentina and Hong Kong is no Malvinas." A similar Umelco mission had earlier been coolly received in London. It has yet to be impressed upon the honest councilors that the Wise Leader's decisions have the "enthusiastic support" of the "patriotic" masses in the colony and that this "fact" will in due time likely be "verified" by eminent experts in Britain and elsewhere.

It is thus possible that any perceived challenge to sovereignty may cause China to interfere in the internal affairs of Hong Kong before 1997. That challenge could be seen to include any attempts within the 13-year transitional period to set up a truly representative political body in Hong Kong. About one such proposed undertaking the *Far Eastern Economic Review* on June 28 raised the question: "Can [Peking] risk endorsing a political structure which, in practice, may prove more publicly critical of China than the diplomatically constrained British have ventured to be?" A more fundamental question may be added: Can Peking risk the existence of a truly self-determining democratic entity within a police state? A professor of the Chinese University of Hong Kong pointed out in an article last year that "the people of Hong Kong provide a living proof that a system of law and freedom is not one that the Chinese people cannot master." Unfortunately, it is precisely proof of such a potential *outside* the Communist system that Peking does not want. Foreign China-watchers who have persuaded themselves that the Deng leadership has reason to make Hong Kong an enticing model for the future of Taiwan might also consider the effect of this model on China's internal malcontents, who yearn for unsocialist democracy and the rule of law.

As it now appears, Britain may cooperate with Peking to discourage the creation of such a political dilemma. According to a press report, one British official has already indicated that "the political system to be developed in Hong Kong must be compatible with the overall structure and system of China." From the start, Deng himself has decreed that Hong Kong residents who are to occupy the key governing posts in this future special "autonomous" zone of China must be "patriots," that is, people who "respect their own nation" and "sincerely support China's recovery of sovereign power." One may well ponder whether a leadership that evidently sees no problem in defining what is "patriotic" or "sincere" can grasp, let alone uphold, the present spirit and practice of law in Hong Kong for the stipulated fifty years of grace after 1997.

The replies of Peking's representatives to questions in Hong Kong about the reconcilability of the "two systems" in practice have been evasive, not to say casuistic. Xu Jiatun recently admitted that people in the colony "dread" the four binding principles of mainland rule—socialism, proletarian dictatorship, Chinese Communist party leadership, and Marxism-Leninism-Maoism. But, he asks, hasn't one of these four "things," the Party, established the benevolent policy of allowing two systems to coexist? So "what is wrong," he concludes, "with adherence to Communist party leadership?"

In a conversation with Hong Kong University students, Mr. Xu pointedly warned, however, against possible riots and the emptying of coffers during the transitional period. "We do not like to see such a scenario. . . ," he said. The warning is ominous, given popular fears of the worst imaginable "scenario" for the immediate future—that Peking might use the pretext of riots, spontaneous or instigated, to assert its authority before 1997.

If Peking had really been concerned about the economic health of Hong Kong and the best interests of its populace, it would have agreed to a *de facto* extension of the British lease for fifty more years. In that time, China would have had a chance to

Grenada: The Untold Story

By Gregory Sandford & Richard Vigilante

On October 19, 1983, a bloody coup brought down the four-year-old government of Grenada's charismatic ruler, Maurice Bishop. Shocked observers around the world awoke that morning to reports that Bishop and several of his closest associates had been brutally murdered by a Communist faction within the government led by Deputy Prime Minister, Bernard Coard. Six days later, U.S. and West Indian armed forces converged on the tiny Caribbean island and removed the short-lived Coard regime.

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demonstrate whether, indeed, its present policies are stable and worthy of confidence. For the burden of proof is on the Chinese Communist system, not on the system in Hong Kong, which has already brilliantly proved itself. Such an alternative would be conceivable only if the reigning "emperor" were less adamant and international pressure upon Peking concerted and unrelenting. But surely this is the biggest pipe dream of all.

In the real world everything will happen quite differently. The joint declaration will be generally acclaimed as the best possible document in the circumstances. A new era of Sino-British cooperation will begin, which will include ensuring the return of a "complete, stable, and prosperous Hong Kong" to China—the ripe plum to be dropped into the expectantly open mouth. Premier Zhao Ziyang will go, as planned, to London and Queen Elizabeth will dine in Peking. The White House (which forty years later perceives clearly the folly of Yalta) will place faith in Peking's promise to maintain a free and stable Hong Kong. In line with a foreign policy similarly resting on faith and hope in Chinese continuities, Japan will stand aside like a jackal, reassessing its opportunities for profit, which may include using investment in Hong Kong—in one analyst's words—"as a stepping stone into China." Deng Xiaoping will beam his Cheshire-cat smile and turn his attention optimistically to Taiwan. For the reality is that the very nations who should be most concerned about securing Hong Kong against the vagaries of Chinese Communism are themselves blindly scrambling to attach financial fortunes and geopolitical schemes to the swirling uncertainties of China's future. □

THE NATION'S PULSE

PUBLIC TEACHERS, PRIVATE SCHOOLS

by Denis P. Doyle

What do Walter Mondale and 46 percent of Chicago teachers have in common? For starters, they're Democrats. They'll vote against Reagan. (If the last election is any guide about 42 percent will vote for Reagan.) They believe in teachers unions. They're opposed to tuition tax credits. They "believe" in public education as the symbol and expression of American democracy. So much for common knowledge.

They share one other trait that few people know about, however. Walter Mondale and 46 percent of Chicago public school teachers send their own children to private schools. Limousine liberals, as they used to be called, are by now old stuff. But it is still something of a surprise to learn that the rank and file are not buying their own product. Although some observers of American education have long suspected that public school teachers send their children to private schools in disproportionately high numbers, until recently there were no good statistics to support the anecdotes.

The first numbers to surface came from a *Detroit Free Press* survey reported in the October 5, 1983 issue of *Education Week*. The results were striking—the poll found that 20 percent of Michigan public school teachers send their children to private schools while only 10 percent of Michiganders do. Based on a sample of 872 teachers in 35 districts throughout Michigan, it is believed to be accurate to within three and a half percentage points. Unfortunately, the survey results were not reported by race or place of residence: Had they been, the findings might have been even more striking, because urban parents are much more likely than suburban or rural parents to send their children to private schools.

The more dramatic news was released this spring by the *Chicago Reporter*, a monthly information service that reports on racial issues in metropolitan Chicago. Well regarded for its accuracy and fairness, in addition to its advocacy of more harmonious race relations, the *Chicago Reporter* has no private school axe to grind.

The numbers the *Reporter* uncovered are extraordinary. Chicago school teachers who are residents of the city are more than twice as likely to send their children to private schools as the population in general. (Forty-six percent as compared to 22 percent of Chicagoans at large.)

What does it mean? At one level it means just what it appears to—it is the education analogue of the chef who refuses to eat at his own restaurant or the doctor who won't be treated at his own hospital. As University of Illinois professor Herbert Walberg commented: "Teachers are like auto workers who wisely buy Japanese cars." Even more revealing is the comment by noted University of Chicago political analyst and proponent of school busing Gary Orfield: "This shows that the people who know the city's schools best know they are not functioning."

At another level, one can cite the simple and elegant theory developed by A.E. Hirschman more than a decade ago in a slender volume, *Exit, Voice, and Loyalty*. His theme is deceptively simple: If an institution does not serve one's needs—if one's voice is ignored—loyalty is exhausted and the discerning individual or family changes institutional affiliations. The quality conscious consumer abandons one institution and patronizes another—if the first institution does not respond.

The phenomenon described by Hirschman is the political and social counterpart of the economic market and works precisely for that reason. Markets reveal preferences in ways that monopolies cannot. Education, no less than other activities, responds to market forces, but because of the virtual public monopoly at the elementary and secondary level education market forces operate only at the margins. Thanks to the *Chicago Reporter* study we can now see how Chicago public school teachers respond.

The example of the market permits one to escape Baudelaire's admonition in *Fleurs du Mal*: "hypocrit, lecteur, mon frère." If public school teachers who send their children to private schools were simply hypocrites there would not be much point to the story—what else is new? But their behavior reveals two themes that help explain our current education "troubles."

First, in most large school districts teaching is no longer an avocation—it is a job. It is a job in precisely the same way that being a policeman, motorman, clerk, or other public employee is. Its principal purposes are the production of income and job security—if you enjoy the work, so much the better. The distinction between an avocation and a job is important, because for generations we took for granted the self-sacrifice and dedication of devoted

Denis P. Doyle is director of Education Policy Studies at the American Enterprise Institute.

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teachers who thought teaching was a calling.

It also helps explain the emergence of teachers unions. When teachers see themselves as workers, administrators as management, the superintendent the CEO, the school committee the Board of Trustees, and the students the product, it is only a short step to unionization. And it is a long way from teaching as an avocation. When the avocational tie is broken, institutional loyalty is diminished or destroyed.

Second, it reveals one thing teachers' professional associations are loath to admit—public school teachers *do* know the difference between good and bad schools. That they care enough to act on that knowledge—at least where their own interest is involved—is a very good sign. Unfortunately, the logic of this position is too often lost on the teachers themselves. Because it is so important it bears stating: What's good for the children of teachers is good for children generally. Choice, diversity, and quality *outside the public school monopoly* is not simply an ideological posture assumed by market-oriented economists.

When the *Chicago Reporter* interviewed a random sample of teachers, these teachers sounded like any other parents concerned about their children—they select private schools because they are academically more demanding, physically safer, have higher expectations for their students, and maintain an orderly learning environment. As one teacher said, "I wouldn't send my own kids to the place I teach."

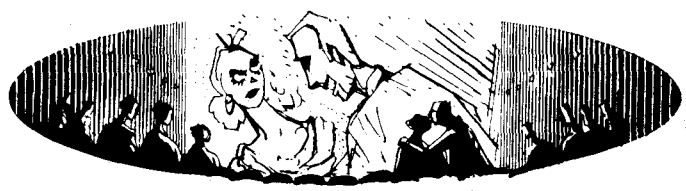
Another teacher, a union delegate, is quoted as saying: "Teachers know what is going on with the curriculum. In all fairness to my child, I don't think I would have a choice but to pull him out of public school."

Although the *Reporter*'s sample was not large enough to be statistically accurate for racial categories, the paper reported that "some educators feel black teachers are a particularly discriminating group." An example is the private Ancona Montessori School that numbers so many public school teachers among its parents that the principal reports that she "schedules parent-teacher conferences on public school holidays."

One reason Chicago public school teachers are able to send their children to private schools is that they can afford to. Despite teacher organization claims that teachers have low incomes, teacher *family income* places them squarely in the upper middle class. The sample of Chicago teachers, for example, have a family income of more than $35,000 per year.

It is a fine bit of irony that nearly half of those who know most about Chicago's public schools—the trained adults who teach in them—would reject them for their own children. Any hypocrisy to be found in this tale, however, lies not in the decision to patronize the competition—that is, an affirmation of the importance of education and the idea that some schools are better than others. Rather, the hypocrisy is to be found in the professional teacher organizations that oppose tuition tax credits and education vouchers while a substantial number of their urban members refuse to patronize the schools in which they work. □

THE TALKIES



SOWING SALLY'S FIELD

by John Podhoretz

What is most impressive about the very impressive new movie, *Places in the Heart,* is its cool, understated evocation of a time in this country when blacks were second-class citizens. Set in Texas in 1935, the movie tells the story of Edna Spaulding (Sally Field), the wife of Royce Spaulding, the town sheriff. At the beginning of the movie Royce goes out on a routine call to pacify and bring in to the station a sweet-faced young black who has gone on a drunken tear down by the railroad tracks. The black man has a gun, and in his stupor mistakenly fires it at the sheriff, killing him.

Already in this first scene we can tell that we are not about to see the typical race-relations hysteria Hollywood always foists upon us. The black man calls the sheriff "Mistah Royce," the sheriff deals with him as he would with a tiresome child. The murder is a freak accident, not retribution for an unpleasant, criminal mistreatment of an entire race.

Similarly, when the unhappy murderer is dragged through the streets of Waxahachie, Texas tied to a pickup truck, we do not see the cackling smiles of the evil posse, the vengeful glee of the dead sheriff's wife, or the unleashed fury of the young black's oppressed family. This may be a racist community, but its racism is only one characteristic among many, and hardly the most important.

Edna's sister Margaret curtly tells the men in the pickup truck to drive away from Edna's house. She does not express any moral disapproval of their action, but rather seems to think that stopping by Edna's place with body in tow is inappropriate, and that the sight of the dust-ridden corpse will only further upset the grieving widow. The lynch mob looks discontented and solemn, as though they have had to perform a necessary but unpleasant task. And the family of the young murderer quietly cuts him down from the tree on which he has been strung up, as though they have been through this sort of thing before. As though they have full knowledge of the fact that the whites will exact this sort of price if any of their race steps out of bounds.

We are not pounded over the head with the great injustices being perpetrated on the black people in general and the young murderer in particular. These incidents are allowed to speak for themselves. People in Waxahachie are more concerned with mortgage foreclosure, marital indiscretions, and how to make ends meet. The residents of Waxahachie, both black and white, are bound by a set of standards and rules that they simply live by. They do not rebel, they do not question. They simply try to get by. They go to church, they say grace, they struggle, they grieve. They are used to these things, to the random acts of violence and the retaliatory lynchings. No good modern liberal grafted from later decades appears here to preach integration, or to offer maudlin, self-righteous appeals to the natural brotherhood of man.

We are being taught no lessons here. Robert Benton, the writer-director whose last film was *Kramer vs. Kramer,* wishes to show us what life was like in Depression-era Texas, with all its great flaws and strengths. People can be racists, like Margaret who speaks to blacks only in a clipped, officious tone, and yet have their own troubles as well. Margaret never injures a black; she just does not like them very much. She is more concerned with her failing beauty salon and the philandering of her handsome, ne'er-do-well husband.

The plot of *Places in the Heart* deals with Edna's great difficulties after her husband's death. She has no money, and has never done anything other than being a wife and a mother. The town's sanctimonious bank vice-president advises her to sell her house, send her children away to relatives, and eke by on a small living. She refuses to consider this possibility, and is saved by a traveling black man with a business proposition.

Just as the racial tensions are depicted here in a quiet and detached way, so are the racial harmonies. Moze, the vagrant black, stops by Edna's house looking for some work. He says that her land would make a good cotton farm: He has been picking cotton since his childhood, he knows. Edna gives him a meal and sends him away. He steals some of her silver as he goes, and is returned a day later by the police. He has told the police that Edna has hired him on as a hand. Facing Edna, Moze is terrified and cowed, and does not look her in the eye. Edna has had time to reconsider Moze's offer, and tells the police that he does, in fact, work for her. The

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police leave, Moze is obsequiously grateful. Edna will have none of it. She wants him to teach her how to farm cotton, "and if you ever steal a thing from me again," she says, "I'll kill you myself."

Edna takes Moze with her to buy cotton seeds. He keeps his eyes lowered, again obsequious, in the presence of the white men who are selling her the seeds, but whispers to her that she has been cheated. The seeds she has been given are of inferior quality. The seed-seller eyes Moze shrewdly, and right then Moze knows that he has violated a rule of proper behavior for a subservient race. Alone that night in his makeshift room, he curses his own folly. He does not curse his fate as a black, or the unfairness of his position. He accepts his position as a given.

But as time passes, he becomes a full partner in the effort to get the cotton farm going, and feels completely comfortable in the presence of Edna and her children. Neither of them says anything about this; Edna does not say, "I never really looked at a black person before," and Moze does not say, "Thank you for treating me like a human being," as one might expect.

Benton errs only once in this rich portrait. Moze is finally run out of town by the seed-seller and a bunch of his cronies, who have decided that he is uppity and will only cause further trouble. No problem about that. But Benton dresses the seed-seller and company in the uniforms of the Ku Klux Klan.

There was no reason for this, even if the Klan had been an active presence in 1930s Texas. By bringing in the Klan, Benton turns his imaginative portrayal of the relations between the races into a standard, clichéd morality play. If the men had simply appeared in normal dress, the point Benton seeks to make—that the situation in the Spaulding household is an unusual one, and that in 1935 the time had not yet come when Moze or any black could assert himself—would have been stronger and more forcefully made.

But at least Moze is not killed by the Klansmen. Benton does not, as other directors have done, martyr his own character. Moze is saved from the Klan's noose by another boarder in Edna's house, a prickly and intelligent blind man named Mr. Will. No, Moze is only driven out of Waxahachie, which is crime enough. He has a sentimental parting from Edna, who treats him—almost—as an equal.

And even though he has made a point of showing us how unjust life in Waxahachie can be, Benton caps his extraordinary movie with an extraordinary sequence, a daring bit of magic realism. We are in Edna's church during the Sunday service, and the camera slowly pans the congregation. We reach the fourth row, and the first person we see is Moze. Immediately we are confused, since we have seen Moze leave town in the previous scene. The camera then pans to Mr. Will, to Edna's two children, and then to Edna. It pauses on her briefly, then continues on. Seated next to her is Royce, her murdered husband; next to him, the young black who murdered him.

This movie, which begins with the Spaulding family saying grace over dinner, concludes with Waxahachie in grace. It is a bit treacly, but powerfully affecting nonetheless. We have seen the town in all its guises. We have seen some of the town's residents dragging the young black man through the streets tied to the pickup truck; and later we have seen them battling a horrible tornado which guts the town and destroys their homes and livelihoods. Somehow they all survive despite their transgressions and the transgressions of nature. One of the salutary things that Benton proves again is that in the realm of religious drama, as in race drama, less is infinitely more. □

The Good Old Days Weren't

One thing about "the good old days"—they weren't. Not for most people.

The fact is, prior to the industrial revolution, all but a very few lived in excruciating poverty, misery, and hopelessness.

As Professor Leo Rosten reminds us:

"It was the factory system that saved the poor, gave them jobs and tools, produced better food and clothing and shelter, and offered unprecedented opportunities to millions.

"Those who moved into the stinking slums of English cities from the lovely English countryside moved out of stinking barns and hovels and ditches. They went to the machines to get a precious job, to live better and aspire higher. The same is true of the millions of immigrants who flocked to American sweatshops from the hunger and hopelessness of Ireland, Italy, and Eastern Europe.

"Capitalism replaced not (Utopia), but indescribable poverty, illiteracy, and economic doom.

"It was under 'heartless capitalism', believe it or not, that the earnings of the masses soared. And as men became less poor, their (voices) grew louder and their... political power boomed into a force such as had not existed within any political system before."

Capitalism has not wiped out poverty, injustice, or unemployment. But neither has socialism. And in our rush to perfect the human condition, we would do well to remember the words of Winston Churchill: "The inherent vice of capitalism is the unequal sharing of blessings. The inherent virtue of socialism is the equal sharing of misery."

Fortunately, we have come a long way from that kind of equality.

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For further information regarding the availability of a full series of these short, informative essays, contact Mr. G. Scot Hasted, Room D, Hillsdale College, Hillsdale, MI 49242.

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THE ENTHUSIAST: A LIFE OF THORNTON WILDER

Gilbert Harrison/Ticknor and Fields/$19.95

Virgil Nemoianu

In his last great book (1973) Thornton Wilder imagines a character, a young man who sets himself the formidable task of fulfilling nine life ambitions. Young Theophilus North wants to be a saint, an actor, a magician, an archaeologist, a lover, an anthropologist, and a few other things. Although the book was not autobiographical, it does catch the flavor of the many successful vocations of Wilder's own life.

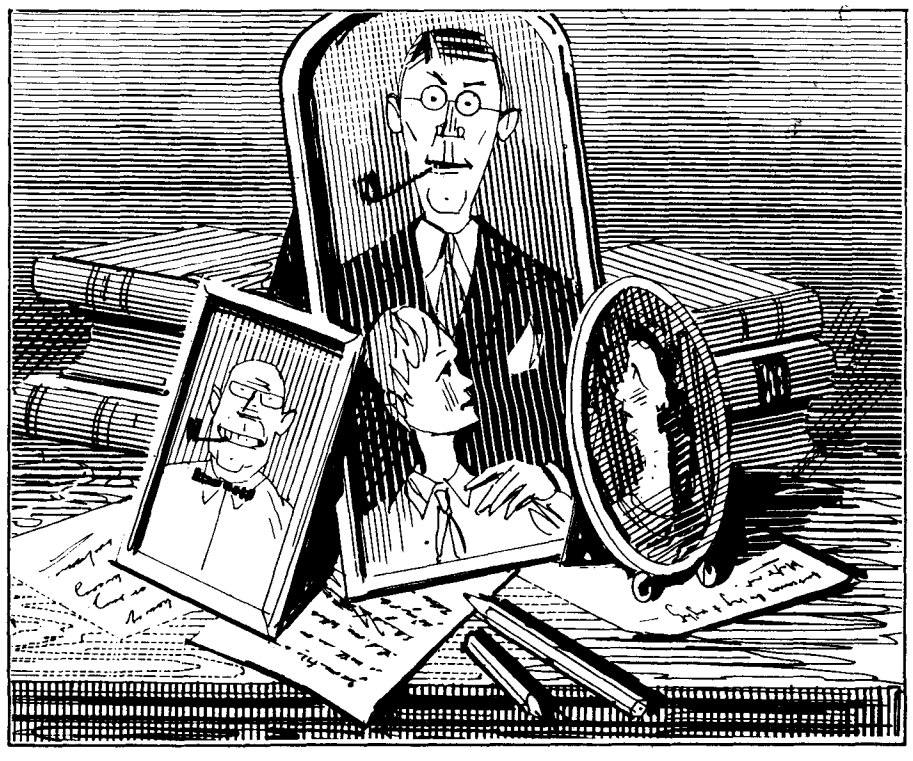
The man who achieved distinction as a scholar—Wilder lectured around the world and served as Charles Eliot Norton Professor at Harvard—was also the public servant who represented his country on numerous diplomatic and cultural occasions and the dazzling man of the world who made headlines in social columns. He frequented celebrities like Henry Luce and Albert Schweitzer, Max Reinhardt and Gertrude Stein; in 1928 he became Gene Tunney's friend and brought him along on a European tour; in 1935 Freud suggested he become his son-in-law.

Wilder was all these things in addition to being a writer—indeed, one of the best prose stylists ever to emerge in America: suave, cosmopolitan and polished. He mastered the techniques of the modern innovators and gracefully absorbed the motifs of the great Western tradition; he knew the problematics of existentialism and the dilemmas of an ambiguous universe. As a playwright, Wilder belongs to that handful of Americans—O'Neill, Tennessee Williams, Albee—who have been both literate and successful. As a literary figure, Wilder belongs squarely with Joyce and Eliot, Proust and Thomas Mann, Picasso and Stravinsky in the era of high modernism, that is to say in the era of quotation and combination, ironic appropriation, relativism and multiple reference, tragicomic insecurity and cultural nostalgia. In *The Skin of Our Teeth* he freely uses Joyce's writings, in *The Eighth Day* he weaves in Horatio Alger and Mark Twain, Dostoevsky and *Little Women*, Kierkegaard and Gertrude Stein; in other works he draws from Terentius and Suetonius, Anatole France and Johann Nestroy and Mme. de Sévigné. Amazingly, he still won three Pulitzers and had a huge devoted readership. By the fifties and sixties Wilder was a public institution and often rewarded with some of the highest honors the Republic had to bestow, not to mention numerous foreign prizes and decorations.

Virgil Nemoianu teaches comparative literature at the Catholic University of America in Washington, D.C.

The most important facet of Thornton Wilder, however, one dimly sensed by most everyone yet elusive to all the rather competent biographers and monographers of the last twenty years (Burbank, Papajewski, Goldstone, Linda Simon, Goldstein, and, now, Gilbert Harrison), is Wilder as an embodiment of some original, essential middle-class Puritan Americanness and of its avatars in the twentieth century. There is something in Wilder, a curious quality, beyond his merits as a writer, or his interest as a public and social figure, that makes him important in a way disproportionate to his achievement. The desperate attraction of the German public to him in the early postwar decades followed from this sense as did the pouting indifference of the French cultural elite. This was, I am sure, a symptom of the feelings of both toward America as a whole. And finally it is easy to notice the wariness of our own cultural authorities toward Wilder: the careful understatements of Edmund Wilson, the intense cold rage of the old proletarian Left, the adroit co-options of the newly moderate liberalism (Harrison is a former editor-in-chief of the *New Republic*), the clumsy and insecure friendliness of the rich and powerful, the spontaneous open warmth of the regular reader, the puzzled and timid approaches of the religious, the furtive and apologetic attraction of the educated. It is a rich and fascinating *tableau,* and one we seldom see: America in response to Wilder virginally, comically worried, not quite daring to look at itself naked in the mirror, yet happy that the image is not ominously deformed.

Wilder himself did not make things easy for his readers, hiding his meanings under two layers: one containing the middle-brow and stingless storyline (with touches of home-grown philosophy), the other the amazingly learned web of allusions and references. The best way to approach Wilder is to read carefully *The Eighth Day,* his voluminous and ambitious late novel (1968) of which the reviewer of a distinguished New York monthly recently admitted he had never even heard. In this book Wilder sets out to do something rather astonishing: to praise alienation and to show that it is not only a good thing, but also a chief hope for mankind. This is of course a proposition that runs directly counter to the conventional wisdom of most intellectuals in the last two centuries: Existentialists or Romantics, Marxists or Catholics, they all agreed that human alienation, the breaking of the bonds of community and the loss in emotional warmth, the loneliness of the individual, the loss of a center, and the failure of meaningful labor are fearsome and evil things indeed. And so they are, no doubt, but there is another side to the coin often overlooked by such a complaining and caviling society as ours. Wilder realizes that alienation is also connected with liberty and creativity, with lack of prejudice and an almost infinite opening toward hope and the possibilities of the universe. He calmly, articulately said so. Two or three interesting things follow.



The first is that a much better understanding of the American experience is gained, since alienation and rootlessness have always been associated with the American mind and mode of life. Harrison quotes from Wilder's notes:

> "The American we know—the American which we and foreigners so often laugh at and despise—the American in ourselves who is often the subject of our own despair—the joiner, the go-getter, the moralizer; the businessman with ulcers; the clubwoman who cannot remember one word of the morning lecture; the millions in the movie houses gazing at soothing lies—all, all . . . are very busy doing something of great importance. They don't know it and they often do it awkwardly and fall short. They are inventing a new kind of human being—a new relationship between one human being and another—a new relationship between the individual and the all. It is very occupying; it takes an immense toll in shattered lives and minds. It is not easy to be an American because the rules aren't made yet; the exemplars are not clear."

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Wilder also dismissed the idea that Americans are naive, youthful, and healthy—on the contrary, he said, what they inherited from the age of colonizing and from the nation's later historical growth turned them into beings of extreme complication, full of emotional and mental tensions. Ashley, the hero of *The Eighth Day,* the victim of a judiciary error, is obliged to flee the country, break off ties, thus in fact actualizing what in his deeper self he had been all along. The trauma of a new beginning turns him into a kind of lay saint and unleashes the tremendous creative energies of his children who all gain a creative prominence of some kind. Alienation is thus quite similar to the energy hidden inside the atom that is released when the bonds holding the atom together are severed. Above all, alienation is manifested in productivity and work.

This brings us to the second interesting consequence. Wilder noticed a basic paradox of the American historical experience: that as often as not the reactionary nostalgia for the past leads to unexpected and explosive progress, while progressive impulses tend to preserve and to resume. (Even to this day, the Republicans tend to push things forward, the Democrats to maintain and secure.) He therefore showed how this explosive alienation, the emergence of the unattached individual, with its emphasis on efficiency and productive work implies by necessity such things as a stable and loving family, a wonder-filled and capacious faith, even a special relationship to the soil. (Ashley is saved, his son is steered in life by the "Church of the Covenant," a small group of half-Indian believers living in communal simplicity.) This is the argument George Gilder and others have been making recently with a good deal more combative gusto. Wilder himself was content with describing the house of Ashley (the archetypal alienated American) as the house of Jesse, and attributes to it as a motto "Make straight in the desert a highway for our God," that is for the coming God.

This brings us to a third interesting fact, which makes Wilder exemplary and truly central in American culture. His family background had been as conservative as imaginable: His father and his intellectual environment had been staunch Taft Republican, stern Calvinists, upholders of nineteenth-century virtues and Colonial Puritan traditions. Wilder's education had taken place under the sign of Babbitt's and More's influence: reverence for classical values, moral gravity, the centrality of mankind's great philosophical and religious traditions in any human endeavor. (Indeed, he was perhaps the one great writer produced in the wake of neo-humanist ideology.) Besides, Wilder personally was deeply attached to the institutional greatness of the family and to a certain formality in social relations; he was not even beyond the occasional good word for the rich and famous, speaking with shrewd sympathy of their need for reassurance by the gossip columnists. These were Wilder's highly traditionalist attachments; yet he never protested or cried over their passing. His commitment to goodness and order as permanence is wonderful to behold, and yet change and dismantling gave him a kind of serene pleasure: He had a firm belief in life that never allowed him to see what was happening and emerging as bad. His curiosity was absolute and, that something *was* and was *alive,* he found, must be of far greater merit than any contingent attribute. We come in the world to learn and to find out, a character in *The Eighth Day* suggests. Wilder could thus seamlessly weave together progress and tradition, with no resentment or anguish. The most learned among America's great writers could without contradiction to himself rise up in arms against Eliot's concept of cultural elitism and in favor of full aesthetic democracy. He could lower what is complex (for instance, the intricacies of modern art) into simple, lapidary sentences and he could heighten what is simple (for instance, the moods and the emotions of mainstream America) into witty, ironic, sophisticated images.

In a word, Wilder outlined a *humanism of alienation* as nobody before and, so far, nobody after him has done. I may be wrong but I simply cannot think of another major American writer more disencumbered of social and racial prejudice, more humble and inoffensive in the love of his country; and when it comes to women's rights, the earnest and calm advocacy of Wilder carries alone more weight and conviction than all the thin shrieking of politicized academics of the last ten years put together. Meanwhile his Olympian respect for tradition, detail, and the harmonies of imperfection must gain him the affection of any conservative-minded intellectual.

Harrison's *The Enthusiast* has great merits. The author emphasizes Wilder's restlessness and enthusiasm (one friend said that he was like a panther, standing completely still only when listening to music) and thus goes some way toward delineating for us a better and multi-dimensional Wilder, not the bland simple drawing to which we had been used. Harrison also, more than previous biographers, quotes generously from letters, diaries, and notes. But a more nearly definitive assessment of Wilder will have to wait for a while. We need a good edition of the correspondence. (In the abundance of letters Wilder resembles the great Victorians, not his electronic contemporaries.) We need an edition of the journals as complete as we can get. We need more complete records of the impressions of friends and relatives. (Was there tension between Wilder and his closest relatives? Are the reported homosexual episodes part of a pattern or accidental?) We need new editions of Wilder's scholarly and critical writings (the small selection *American Characteristics* brought out in 1979 is not nearly enough; for instance, Wilder wrote 656 pages of notes about *Finnegan's Wake* and 1198 pages of notes on Lope de Vega that have never been published). We need good analytical studies of Wilder's politics, his teaching, the critical influences

GAY TIMES AND DISEASES

"According to Dr. Kinsey, the *average* homosexual has 1,000 sex partners in a lifetime. *Village Voice* puts the figure at 1,600 . . . As a consequence of this jackrabbitry, young men leading the gay life in America's large cities are infecting and reinfecting one another with a variety of diseases that suggests that the proper term to describe their behavior is suicidal."

These observations by nationally-syndicated columnist Patrick J. Buchanan and medical researcher J. Gordon Muir are taken from their recent article, "Gay Times and Diseases," which ran in the August 1984 *American Spectator* and is now available in reprint.

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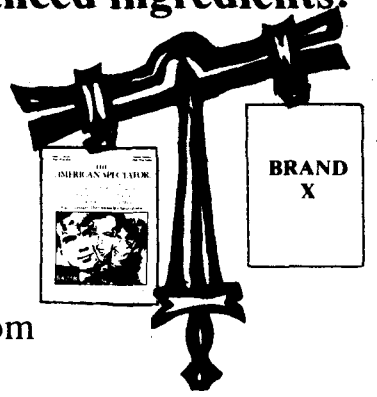

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upon him. We need to realize the influence that Wilder undoubtedly exerted on writers as different as Goyen, Updike, Vidal, and perhaps Barth. The most serious objection to Wilder—that he is too tame, too effortless somehow, too blandly pedestrian would, I am sure, be quite soon dispelled by such publications. We would recognize the basic tension between the darker colors of Calvinist redemptionism and the light of classical progress, which must have been sometimes agonizing to him as he came back to it in book after book.

It seems quite possible that what happened to Waugh will happen to Wilder; the publication of these additional materials would suddenly bring about a change in reputation. I am ready to go even farther and to suggest that the best American answer to the *Brideshead Revisited* TV series would be an equally well-cast and text-faithful series of *The Eighth Day.* Whether we will place Wilder on that higher plateau of American letters where the Melvilles and the Faulkners reside (as I think we eventually will) can remain for a while a matter of reasonable disagreement. But until then anybody who wants to find a touchstone of sanity and objectivity, beyond the little everyday political happenings, or who wants to gain a good clear focus on what America is all about, could do a lot worse than reading Thornton Wilder. □

HIM WITH HIS FOOT IN HIS MOUTH AND OTHER STORIES
Saul Bellow/Harper & Row/$15.95

George Sim Johnston

Since his last collection of stories appeared in 1968, Saul Bellow, like his most famous creation, Moses Herzog, has felt the need to explain, to have it out, to put into perspective. *Mr. Sammler's Planet* and *The Dean's December* gave the impression that their author had written a hundred or so jeremiads for the *New York Times* op-ed page and decided instead to slice them up and serve with fictional filler. Not since H.G. Wells wrote *Mr. Brittling Sees It Through* has such a plague of unsolicited opinion ravaged the work of a first-rate novelist. *Humboldt's Gift* was several cuts above its two neighbors; the characters at least seemed to exist for reasons other than sounding off; and although the narrator, Charles Citrine, does manage to get in his two bits at every opportunity, he is not, like Sammler and Dean Corde, looking down from a crow's nest halfway to heaven. Not that I mind Bellow's ideas or the way he puts them. If you lifted all of the digressions since *Herzog* and pasted them in a book, you would have a chrestomathy of superb journalism. Bellow is one of the best intellectual break dancers around. But, alas, as Gertrude Stein advised Hemingway, remarks are not literature. We do not read novels for the same reasons that we read essays. Bellow, in fact, has produced some wonderful nonfiction pieces over the years, and they should be collected, if only because now you have to ferret them out in books whose ominous titles, such as *The Writer's Dilemma,* make you want to read them in a plain brown wrapper.

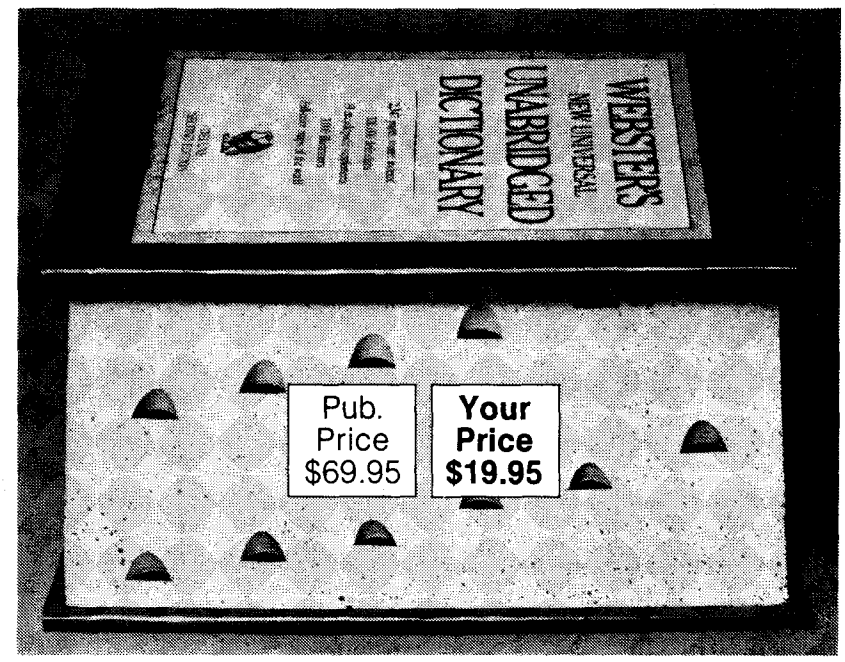
Some of those pieces, the ones written about fifteen years ago, have a curious ring now. Bellow complained, for example, that "what-can-be-done with literature is for many intellectuals, certainly the most influential of them, infinitely more important than books. . . . We have passed from contemplative reading to movement, to action, to politics . . . intellectuals are curiously busy with social questions. . . . " He goes on to say that one of the nice things about *Hamlet* is that Polonious is stabbed. So why did Bellow become the Eric Sevareid of American novelists? The answer may lie in Chekhov's remark that a writer should engage in politics to the extent that he needs to protect himself from politics—meaning, in Bellow's case, intellectual politics. One has the impression that this most cerebral of novelists finally felt it necessary to strike back at what he called the "brutal profs and bad-tempered ivy league sodomites" who feed on "stale ideological French chocolates." If you wonder why Bellow should feel pressure from such quarters, read Mark Harris's *Saul Bellow: Drummlin Woodchuck.*[1] Harris, a novelist and putative friend, decided in the late sixties that he wanted to write Bellow's biography. In the manner of Boswell, he began to hang all over Bellow like a bad suit. Harris is a Pavlovian leftist, and at every opportunity he tried to recruit his man into the Cause, anti-war division. He does not understand why Bellow kept trying to avoid him; after fifty pages the reader does not understand why Bellow did not put a contract out on him. One imagines that this crass and vulgar book represents only one of the kinds of ideological noise to which Bellow has been subjected since the late sixties, and his later novels can perhaps be understood as an exercise in contracoustics.

So far as the fiction goes, the long short story "The Old System," which appeared in *Mosby's Memoirs and*

George Sim Johnston is a writer living n New York.

[1]Reviewed by John Podhoretz in the January 1981 *American Spectator.* —Ed.

The price of looking it up just went *way down!*



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Other Stories, is, for my money, his best work since *Herzog.* A perceptive study of the assimilation of Old World immigrants into America, it covers more ground in forty pages than most novels. It is also the only fiction Bellow has written since *Seize the Day* in which not a single world-class intellectual or school of philosophy is mentioned. Not one! Bellow has a weakness for the virtuosic manipulation of brand-name intellectuals. You can't go for more than a dozen pages in his later work without running into Hegel or Freud or Sartre or Merleau-Ponty or André Breton. Sometimes they appear in job lots on a single page. I don't think his fiction would suffer much if he had excised every one. (Well, I suppose I would keep one of Herzog's phantom memos: "Dear Doktor Professor Heidegger, I should like to know what you mean by the expression 'the fall of the quotidian.' When did this fall occur? Where were we standing when it happened?") Like the journalistic asides, most of these name-tag references are entertaining and provocative. Bellow has a slangy way with high-brow thought which is charming (" . . . nihilism, too, has its no-no's"). But all this intellection seldom fuses with the fiction proper. There have been novelists obsessed with intellectual categories—Stendhal and Mann, for example—who nonetheless have managed to keep the name-dropping to a minimum and get on with the story.

When Bellow does get on with the story, he shows a canny sense of his strengths and weaknesses. He is not a dramatic writer, which he made abundantly clear in his full-length play *The Last Analysis,* and steers clear of the sort of immediate scene setting one finds, say, in James and Waugh. His method is the flashback, the monologue, the character sketch; his narrators are often alone in a room (or lying in a hammock in an overgrown garden) recalling the past. This filter of sensibility allows him to avoid the problem, as Mailer once put it, of getting his characters out of a room; the narrative intelligence can jump wherever it pleases. Bellow once said that Gide's work is full of excellent monologuists who want to advance to dialogue, which is exactly his own case.

All these characteristics make the short story or novella, and not the novel, Bellow's natural form. With the exception of *The Victim,* which he later referred to as "small and correct," an exercise in restraint before he let it rip in *The Adventures of Augie March,* Bellow's full-length novels could all be chopped up into smaller pieces without losing anything essential. His one separately published novella, *Seize the Day,* would be perfect if it did not end with Tommy Wilhelm gushing at a stranger's funeral (a piece of sentimentalism which for some reason pleased the critics). Reading the wonderful collection of new stories in *Him with His Foot in His Mouth,* one is thankful that Bellow chose not to bury the odd assortment of intellectuals, Chicago mobsters, and night school existentialist tile contractors who appear in them in another long, amorphous novel. Each is more entertaining and instructive for being on his own fictional patch.

My favorite among the five, perhaps because it is the funniest, is the title story. Here, as with Herzog, we have a slightly cracked academic writing a letter which may or may not be put in the mail. It is addressed to a spinster librarian whom the writer, a retired music professor who is on the lam in Canada for legal-financial reasons, recalls having insulted years ago. He explains to her that she is the only person he has ever insulted for no reason and relates in manic detail the notable instances when he has insulted people for a very good reason. The professor paints each victim with a few deft comic strokes: A conniving lawyer has eyes "like the eyes you glimpse in the heated purple corners of the small-mammal house that reproduces the gloom of nocturnal tropics" (Bellow has as little use for lawyers as Dickens); the diamonds on an heiress's bosom "lay like the Finger Lakes among their hills." This story is the sort of intellectual slapstick that Bellow does better than anyone. And none of his irritable clowns, including Henderson, has been so successful.

The other stories, with the exception of "The Silver Dish," which is a moving contribution to that peculiar American literary sub-genre dealing with Lost Fathers, cover a number of areas which have engaged Bellow's imagination in the past. Fans of the New York Intellectual soaps, who can't get enough of what Rahv really said to Howe at the Trillings' New Year's Eve party, will get an extra fillip from "What Kind of Day Did You Have?" which is supposed to be about Harold Rosenberg (or is it Clement Greenberg?). "Cousins," which is a kind of companion piece to "The Old System," deals with municipal corruption in Chicago, about which Bellow *did* write an op-ed piece. "Zetland: By a Character Witness" tells of a mute inglorious Augie; one surmises from its truncated ending that it started as a sketch for a novel.

Back in 1949, Bellow wrote a story for the *Partisan Review* called "A Sermon by Doctor Pep," which could serve as a subtitle to much of his work. Bellow has been an eloquent dissenter from the Wasteland mentality which he once called "the Established Church in modern literature." A somber note runs through this new collection of stories, however. "The humanistic music has ceased, and now there is a different barbarous music welling up," says one of the characters. It is not an observation Augie March or Moses Herzog would have made. Whether this late pessimism is justified or not, it does not have the designer label affixed to the *angst* of most of our "serious" novelists. Among the pleasures of reading Bellow is the impression that one is dealing with a mature and powerful mind which makes its own markets on the intellectual exchange. □

A PERSONAL HISTORY

A.J.P. Taylor/Atheneum/$14.95

William H. Nolte

As if in extenuation of the crime he committed in writing *A Personal History,* A.J.P. Taylor tells us in the preface to this work that he thinks every historian should write an autobiography. To that rule he most certainly should have made an exception of himself. His memoir is, in a word, a disaster. Reading this wretched book, more a panegyric to his greatness than anything else, I found it hard to believe that so vain, petty, absurd, vulgar and often downright stupid a man could ever have written anything of merit. Indeed, his worst enemy—and his enemies are legion if we can believe his own account—could hardly have portrayed him in a more damning fashion. When he is not bragging about his superior intelligence, or all the great books he has written, or his unparalleled insight into modern history, he is asking us to believe that all who disagreed with him and stood between him and some prize that was rightfully his were not only wrong but somehow motivated by evil intentions. Even when Fate seems to have dealt him a poor hand, it always turns out that he wins the final trick. For example, as a boy he earned and should have received a scholarship to Balliol College, but because his family had money the award was given to someone else. As a result he got a scholarship to the lesser renowned Oriel College. But note how Taylor remembers the (probably imagined) slight: " . . . none of the boys who got scholarships to Balliol when I got none has been heard of since." He then gleefully recalls how his tutor, someone named Stanley Cohn, sought escape from Oxford by way of writing leaders for Lord Beaverbrook's *Sunday Express,* only to be sacked by Beaverbrook who considered Cohn a dull writer. "And I," Taylor smugly concludes, "so despised by clever Stanley, have been a principal contributor to the *Sunday Express* for the last twenty years." In his every recollection there is a badly concealed dagger.

In some ways, I suppose, Taylor deserves our pity as well as our contempt. After all, nearly everyone he knew, if we are to believe him, did him an injury. His colleagues, soon or late, turned against him, blocked him from awards that he thought he deserved—for example, the Regius Chair at Oxford—or failed to appreciate his efforts as historian, teacher, journalist, and finally TV panelist to enlighten the masses, the only ones, Taylor insists, who really matter. Like most such "lovers of the people," Taylor seems never to have gotten along very well with Tom, Dick, and Harry.

Moreover, his first two marriages, each somehow lasting twenty years or more, were unhappy to an extreme. Four children were born of the first marriage, and two of the second—though little is said about any of the progeny. Taylor not very convincingly places the blame for the failure of those unions on the fact that he refused to sleep in a double bed, having as a child become accustomed to bedding down in a single. Not until his third marriage, when he was 70, would he consent to sleeping double. Incidentally, he laments in his preface that his second wife did not wish to be either named or referred to in the book, a request that thus prevented him from atoning "for some of my graver acts of selfishness and lack of considera-

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tion." *Also sprach* Tartuffe. In fact, one would never know there had been a second wife except for the prefatory remark; in the book Taylor speaks of himself as being a bachelor in the 1960s even though his second marriage was not dissolved until 1974.

Of his first marriage, to Margaret Adams, now deceased and hence unable to prevent her name being used, he tells us enough to pity both parties. Although Margaret seems to have been rather more free with her sexual favors to outside persons than was conducive to harmony at home, Taylor actually seems to have condoned if not encouraged her affairs of the heart. After a long affair with one Robert Kee, Margaret fell under the spell of one of the great deadbeats of the age, Dylan Thomas. A gifted sponger, thief, and womanizer, Thomas showed up one day on the Taylor doorstep and proceeded to make himself at home. He left a month later. That was in 1935. He showed up again in 1946 and evidently began the affair with Margaret not long after. At least by 1947, Taylor tells us, the "situation with Dylan" had become unendurable —not so much because of what he had done as because of what he had said. Reports reached Taylor that Thomas "was boasting 'round the Oxford pubs that he had got the wife of a rich don hooked on him—a boast followed no doubt by an evil giggle." Taylor then tells us he "might not have minded so much if it had not been for Dylan's boasting." At this point, Taylor does an admittedly foolish thing: He tells Margaret that he will finance a house for Thomas on the condition that she give him nothing more. Of course, Margaret was soon giving the poet more money than ever, and in 1950 bought him another home in London. When Taylor notes that to this day he s "still haunted by American academics, anxious to express their appreciation of my kindness to Dylan," he reader can almost hear the sound of teeth grinding.

By far the most interesting and best written part of *A Personal History* concerns his early years, up to about he age of eighteen, at which point his general view of things was permanently rozen in place. By then his gigantic go was also in full operation. He was lready so advanced in his studies that is tutors at Oxford could teach him othing, or at least so he says. By that ime he had also developed his passion or historical studies, for medieval architecture, and for politics. That later interest he inherited from his other, a domineering, moralistic oman, who clearly exerted a greater influence on Taylor than did his father, a successful cotton merchant in Manchester. Though he loved his father, a gentle man who defended the boy from the wrath and strictures of his somewhat dotty mother, Taylor seems to have been shaped and molded not only in personality but in his ideological predilections by the mother, whom he actually disliked. Along with her constant involvement in various radical causes of the period, she also had a way of becoming "romantically attached," as Taylor puts it, to first this man and then this other—first to a photographer, who died during the First World War, and then to a professional ladies' man and ardent Communist named Henry Sara. When Taylor tells us that his mother "fell passionately, though of course platonically, in love" with Sara, I wonder about his word choice, but then I suppose one might fall passionately in love with a man's mind. It just seems somehow odd. It was under Sara's tutelage, incidentally, that Taylor first read such "Marxist classics" as *The Eighteenth Brumaire of Louis Napoleon, The Civil War in France,* Engels's *Origins of the Family,* and John Reed's *Ten Days that Shook the World.* Unlike most intelligent, rational beings, Taylor never

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got over his Marxian measles; he was infected for life. So too was he infected by Marx's greatest disciple, Lenin. Taylor was 19 in 1925 when he, along with his mother and Sara, first visited Russia and saw Lenin in Red Square, a sight that greatly stirred the youth. As Taylor recalls the scene and its impression (without mentioning the fact that the Loved One had the year before shuffled off this mortal coil): "Lenin looked very attractive with his reddish beard and a quizzical smile. I decided then that he was a really good man, an opinion I have not changed." I hope I do not sound sacrilegious when I attribute the nature of Lenin's smile to post-mortem bewilderment, or in any case to the taxidermic art of those who stuffed him and put him under glass for the true believers and the merely curious to gape at.

Speaking of Lenin, I must quote Taylor once more: "The world would now, I think, be a better place if Lenin's example had been generally followed." Considering the fact that Lenin's two most illustrious disciples were Hitler and Stalin, I am forced to believe that Taylor is either utterly ignorant of "Lenin's example" or else an advocate of the most rigid kind of totalitarianism. Since he is often quite illogical it is difficult to determine just why Taylor believes what he professes to believe, but one cannot doubt that he has always been and continues to be, in his words, "unshakably pro-Russian." By which he really means pro-Soviet. Indeed, in all his books—or at least in the dozen or so that I have read—his predilection for Communist tyranny is clearly visible. He even praises the Soviets for putting down the Hungarian uprising in 1956. "Better a Communist regime supported by Soviet Russia, I thought, than an anti-Communist regime led by Cardinal Mindszenty."

Even when Taylor's pro-Soviet sentiments—and his worship is a little more than simple-minded sentimentality—seem to place him in an untenable position, he succeeds, to his satisfaction if to no one else's, in showing he was right after all. For example, he admits to having been "greatly cheered by the news of the Nazi-Soviet pact," since at the time he believed that agreement ruled out the possibility of a German attack on Russia and therefore the likelihood of any war. It is surely clear to anyone with good sense that that pact simply made the Axis aggressions possible. Then when the Russo-Finnish war broke out Taylor feared that Great Britain and France would go to the aid of Finland and thus, in effect, switch to the German side. (Needless to say, Taylor detests the Germans almost as much as he adores the Russians; he also dislikes the French, the Spanish, and the Americans in the wholesale fashion of a child or, worse, of a surly bigot. He boasts that he never set foot in Spain so long as Franco was ruler, and in like manner brags that he has never been in the United States.) But since the British and French failed to join the Germans it would appear that he was wrong. Not so. Listen to this sleazy bit of sophistry: "In this, too, I was not mistaken. The Allies did their best to switch and were saved by their own incompetence."

Although he insists in his preface for the American edition of *The Origins of the Second World War* (1962) that he had "a clean record" in the matter of appeasement to the Germans in the 1930s, pointing out that he addressed numerous meetings, always in opposition to appeasement, "when my critics were confining their activities to the seclusion of Oxford common rooms" (always the snide reference to his critics, who were always "soft" even when not clearly wrong), he nevertheless strongly opposed British rearmament. Does there appear to be a contradiction here? Not at all—not, anyhow, for our omniscient historian, whose mindless argument I quote:

> I believed that if Great Britain were involved in war it would be on Hitler's side against Russia. How could we advocate armaments that were likely to be used against Soviet Russia? I answered by propounding a Soviet Alliance as the test of anti-Nazi sincerity. Until that happened, 'our enemy is here'. I had a further motive which I think few others shared. Knowing eastern Europe, partly from experience and partly from my historical studies, I believed that Communist victories there would be an improvement on the existing regimes as in my opinion they have proved to be.

Had I read nothing but Taylor's autobiography I would be justified in dismissing him out of hand as being hopelessly incompetent both as writer and as historian. But, as I say, I have read other of his books, some of which are not at all badly written, and at least one—his biography of Bismarck (1955)—I consider quite good though it may not be, as Taylor claims it is, "the best on [Bismarck] ever written." Of another of his books he brags that "no one else has written a better book on the subject. . . . " There he at least leaves the possibility that someone may have written a book of comparable merit on the subject. Of yet another work he remarks, "It is sound scholarly history and at the same time very funny, a specialty of mine." The skewed syntax perfectly complements the opinion expressed.

In fact, *A Personal History* abounds in just such howlers—as do, for that matter, the other books written in the past twenty years or so. Still, Taylor considers himself quite the stylist, constantly bragging about how well written his books are. "In my opinion," he proclaims, "the writings of an historian are no good unless readers get the same pleasure from them as they do from a novel." I agree. But what sort of pleasure might one get from such hop-legged stuff as this, with the prepositional phrases loping off in all directions: "I could not well explain that Chamberlain's phrase of a faraway country about which we knew nothing was an accurate statement in regard to all the countries of eastern Europe and so was drawn into pro-Czech propaganda in which I had little faith"? Or this: "The second article, though not memorable, has the virtue of being funny, a constant failing of mine"?

By the way, Taylor insists several times that he is a very humorous writer. The truth is that I failed to find a single humorous, or even witty, remark in any of his books. That is to say, I found nothing that was *intentionally* humorous; on the other hand, I found a great deal, more than enough to keep me going, that appealed to my sense of the absurd. Though I no longer expect anyone trained in a British school to punctuate his prose in a consistent and helpful fashion, I still believe we should hold our island cousins responsible for knowing the rudiments of English (or American) syntax. It is not enough for me to know what the writer is *trying* to say; I demand that he say it in such a way that I can forgo interpretation or translation. Because of the mistaken use of mood, I had to read the following two or three times: "Altogether 1938-39 was a dull and unprofitable year if it had not been for the long stretches I spent away from Oxford." The following passage might have come from a student in a remedial English course: "I had just read *The Thirties* by Malcolm Muggeridge and this affected my style. No one except possibly Malcolm noticed this. The book got good reviews from distinguished historians. Indeed I had arrived as an historian though I was too busy to care about this at the time." Rather than relate to any one thing the "this's" ebb and flow across the page like wreckage after a storm. Incidentally, the book that "got good reviews" was Taylor's, not Muggeridge's, as one dimly perceives from the context. Taylor never seems to hesitate and think about what he is saying; rather, he slaps down the first, and usually wrong, word that comes to mind, then tacks on another, and then another until he has a handful, or enough to compose the kind of sentence that promptly sinks without trace once the ink is dry. God knows that historians maul the language unmercifully, but Taylor, at least in recent years, must rank as one of the most fiendish assassins of English in this benighted age.

In *The Trouble Makers* (1957), his own favorite brainchild and the one he

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would like to be remembered by, Taylor wrote that in his opinion "we learn nothing from history except the infinite variety of men's behaviour. We study it, as we listen to music or read poetry, for pleasure, not for instruction." By no means an uncommon view among historians as well as general readers. But in at least two instances Taylor notes that he learned something from history.

In *How Wars Begin* (1979), an inconsiderable little volume composed of six lectures given on the BBC in July 1977, Taylor is musing over the reason for the British refusal to surrender during the early months of the 1939-1945 war. Although Hitler couldn't invade Great Britain, neither could the British defeat Hitler. What kept them going? What stirred the blood and lifted the hearts of Englishmen? You'll never guess, dear reader, not even if your life depended on it. Only Taylor could have blown this soap-bubble: What saved the British was "an echo of the past, a memory of earlier times when they stood alone against Napoleon, dragging on for ten years. In the end something would come right." Romantic nonsense? Of course it is. No people ever *remember* for more than a generation, and only haphazardly and vaguely then—but for a nation to act out of a remembrance of things four generations past! Nowhere does he so much as hint that Roosevelt's promise of aid and eventual, if necessary, intervention had something to do with Great Britain's remaining in the war after the fall of France.

The second instance in which history taught him something is equally preposterous. When asked by a friend how he knew France would not fight after the Munich crisis in 1938, our modern Cassandra replied (or so Taylor says in his memoir), " 'Because of her failure to help Italy in 1848.' So for once I learnt something from history, which I have always said was impossible."

The fact is that Taylor almost invariably comes a cropper when he endeavors to give the *reason* for things happening as they did. Beyond a description of events he is unable to go. The reason he gives, for example, for the German invasion of Russia in June 1941 is simply a begging of the question: "There is no doubt why the Germans went to war with Russia; they went to war with the absolute blind confidence that they would win. It would be such an easy war that it was inconceivable to turn it down." He gives an equally empty "reason" for America's intervention in the two World Wars—that is to say, we were motivated in both cases by self-interest. "Ever since the Declaration of Independence in 1776," Taylor explains, "Great Britain had willingly or not supplied a strategical buffer between the United States and Europe. It was for this reason to a great extent that the United States had entered the first world war in 1917." Ah, would that it were so! Against whom, I wonder, does Taylor think we fought the War of 1812? Moreover, does he know nothing of the tense relations between America and Great Britain during the Civil War? For beginners, let him read *The Education of Henry Adams*. He notes that the United States in August 1941 had imposed "a total embargo on supplies to Japan, particularly supplies of oil and of credit," thus leaving Japan with a choice of surrendering or going to war; but after saying that he still refuses to believe that Roosevelt acted as he did "in the confidence that Japan would go to war." I should note that he is by no means defending Roosevelt against the charge of being a warmonger; rather, he objects to FDR for not having been more forthright in declaring war, which, for reasons that he never explains so far as I know, he believes Roosevelt should have done as soon as war broke out in Europe. But in the next breath he shows that we were "unofficially at war in the Atlantic" in the summer of 1941. And why were we making war on Germany, which adamantly refused to return our fire? Because by coming to the aid of Great Britain we could reassert our power in Europe. He thus berates us for doing what he thinks we should have been doing. All very confusing, or so it seems to me.

Nor is that confusion in any way clarified by what Taylor wrote about the matter of our part in the War in his *The Second World War* (1975). In fact, it was from that work that he probably took his lecture in *How Wars Begin*. In the earlier book he states that the United States was making undeclared war on Germany in the summer of 1941 and that we had been aiding Great Britain through lend-lease since March 1941—facts that not even Taylor can deny or gloss over. Still, he insists that Roosevelt did not deliberately involve the U.S. in war anywhere. I confess that this puzzles me. But it does not infuriate me as does his insistence—in a review in the *Observer* (February 6, 1977) of Hanson Baldwin's *The Crucial Years 1939-1941*—"that lend-lease, far from being an act of unselfish generosity, was designed to squeeze Great Britain dry." There, again, he denigrates the Yankee sharpers for their evil intentions—that is, for their acting out of self-interest. Incidentally, he quotes a passage from Baldwin's book that strikes me as being entirely sound and worth reproducing:

"The German invasion of Russia offered the United States alternatives short of all-out war which it did not even consider. The two most ruthless and authoritarian dictatorships in the world were locked in a deathgrip; it was certainly not—as the postwar decades have shown—in the American interest, or world interest, to help replace one menace by another. The destruction of both systems and of both dictators, Hitler and Stalin, could only have benefited, not harmed. We might, by our policies, have encouraged this."

To which quotation Taylor sneeringly responds: "Anyone who believes this can believe anything." And yet Taylor himself admits in *The Second World War* that both Hitler and his generals knew by late November 1941 that the war in Russia was unwinnable. Why then does he insist that we not only should have gone to war but should have done so earlier? For the simple, and debased, reason that he favors the Soviet tyranny. In the same place he objects to American reluctance to aid Russia after the German invasion: "Aid to Great Britain was one thing, aid to Communist Russia quite another. Senator Truman, already influential and one day to be Roosevelt's successor as President, declared that the Western Powers should stand aside while the Russians and Germans cut each other's throats."

Near the end of the book Taylor lists the millions killed and wounded, the additional millions wandering hungry and homeless, the almost unbelievable destruction on both sides—and then concludes with a sentence that convicts him categorically of being a moral idiot: "Despite all the killing and destruction that accompanied it, the Second World War was a good war." □

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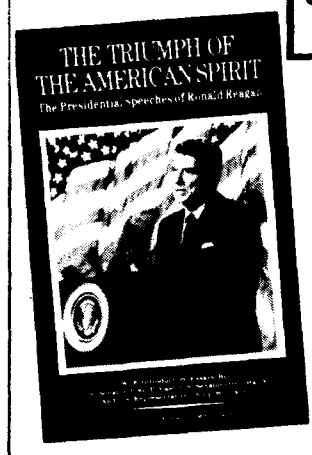

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Vietnam, we are told, was fought as much in America as overseas, and when CBS presented its documentary "The Uncounted Enemy: A Vietnam Deception" in January 1982, it became clear that some of those domestic battles have not abated. Based in part on a *Harper's* article by disgruntled CIA analyst Samuel Adams, the program charged that the nature and size of the Vietcong had been seriously underrepresented to Americans as the result of a "conscious effort—indeed, a conspiracy at the highest levels of American military intelligence—to suppress and alter critical intelligence on the enemy in the year leading up to the Tet offensive." Provocative and seemingly convincing, "The Uncounted Enemy" won kudos for Adams and producer George Crile from just about every sector of the media establishment. Even William F. Buckley trumpeted the documentary as "truly extraordinary." It seemed that CBS had performed a great service to both history and the American public.

However, Gen. William C. Westmoreland, perhaps the key figure in the documentary, thought differently. At a press conference three days after the program aired, the former U.S. commander in Vietnam accused CBS of leading "a vicious, scurrilous, and premeditated attack" in "an attempt to execute me on the guillotine of public opinion."

Four months later, *TV Guide* published a cover story by Don Kowet and Sally Bedell entitled "Anatomy of a Smear." The article seriously questions the journalistic procedures undertaken in the making of the CBS documentary. Among the charges: CBS "turned a deaf ear toward evidence" that ran counter to its charge of conspiracy; CBS screened "the statements of other witnesses already on film" for George Allen, "a sympathetic witness"; CBS "rehears[ed] its paid consultant Samuel Adams before he was interviewed"; CBS "asked sympathetic witnesses soft questions, while grilling unfriendly witnesses with prosecutorial zeal"; CBS "pulled quotes out of context"; and CBS's parade of witnesses did not offer a balanced presentation of the intelligence dispute. As Terence O'Flaherty of the *San Francisco Chronicle* wrote in the wake of the *TV Guide* article, for CBS it was "like finding a dead rat in the punch bowl."

At first CBS seemed fairly contrite in response to *TV Guide*'s charges. An internal investigation headed by senior executive-producer Burton Benjamin was initiated, and his much-publicized report cited the "principal flaws" of the broadcast and admitted to "the coddling of sympathetic witnesses" along with "other violations of CBS News Guidelines." George Crile's creative editing decisions were termed "journalistic oversights" and "imprecisions." While noting the "obviously and historically controversial" nature of the show's premise, Benjamin conceded that "a 'conspiracy,' given the accepted definition of the word, was not proved." In September of that year CBS even offered Westmoreland fifteen minutes of free air time "to say what he wished to say in the manner he wished to say it," but Westmoreland by then had decided to slap CBS with a $120 million libel suit.

There have been hints, however, that CBS's contrition was somewhat less than sincere. For example, when CBS News President Van Gordon Sauter issued a memorandum to the press on the Benjamin report, he accepted that "a judgmental conclusion of conspiracy was inappropriate" but steadfastly stood by "the substance of the broadcast." This year, with the publication of Don Kowet's *A Matter of Honor,* an expanded version of his *TV Guide* article, it has become evident that CBS has no intention to make any further apologies for its broadcast. On the eve of the book's publication, CBS had a public relations firm send a package of material to media representatives across the country. The package included a general defense of the show as well as letters addressed to Kowet and his publisher, Macmillan, from indignant CBS employees. For Macmillan the message was unmistakable: Publish and pay the consequences. It responded by charging that CBS was attempting to "chill" publication of the book. What has happened to CBS's vaunted allegiance to the First Amendment?

The fact is that while CBS is willing to admit to the editorial indiscretions of George Crile, it is not prepared to relinquish the documentary's underlying premise that intelligence figures were manipulated by the military under Westmoreland. That charge stems from the National Intelligence Estimate conferences held in 1967 and 1968 in Langley, Virginia. There, the CIA and General Westmoreland's MACV (Military Assistance Command, Vietnam) engaged in a fiery debate over what was known as the "Order of Battle"—the strength of the various parts of the North Vietnamese and Vietcong armies. But Samuel Adams, who was an analyst for the CIA at the time, maintains that at these conferences the Army deliberately ignored evidence—in short, the "books were cooked."

One of the documents that led Adams to this pithy conclusion was MACV bulletin 689, a report captured from the Vietcong detailing the number of "guerrilla militia" in Binh Ding province. The Vietcong's figures were ten times higher than our own estimates, and Adams went on to discover several other discrepancies. His conclusion: The enemy army was almost 600,000 strong—nearly three times the official estimate.

Thrown into a "state of nervous excitement" by his findings, Adams brought them to the attention of his superiors, believing, as Kowet notes, that the fact that the "extracts were captured ones seemed to lend them a legitimacy American ones lacked," and apparently not believing the Vietcong's well-known propensity to inflate estimates of their own armed strength. At the NIE conferences, however, Adams met with resistance from a number of people—including Col. Gains Hawkins, chief of Westmoreland's Order of Battle intelligence division. According to Adams, Hawkins wanted to agree with him but was forced under orders originating from Westmoreland to consider no figures beyond a certain level. ". . . Col. Hawkins," Adams told Mike Wallace in disbelief, "whom I knew so well and whom I admired, looked sick, looked like he didn't believe what he was saying." In other words, Adams smelled some sort of foul cover-up, and this is what viewers of the CBS documentary were supposed to believe.

But there is more to the story. When interviewed by George Crile, Col. Hawkins, according to Kowet,

> had said *no fewer than four times* that he had not been given a numerical ceiling before the Langley meeting. Hawkins told Crile that he had defended the "command position"—the total of 296,000 enemy estimated in the May Order of Battle.
>
> "Who told you that? Anyone?" asked Crile.
>
> "No one told me. I deduced it. And I defended it willingly. I was not given any specific orders," Hawkins said.

One small problem: CBS chose not to

Gerald Simon is assistant to the Executive Director of the Committee for the Free World.

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1984

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broadcast this portion of the interview.

Another aspect of CBS's increasing reluctance to abandon the substance of the charges in "The Uncounted Enemy" was its continuing insinuation of some base motive behind Westmoreland's estimates of enemy strength. Although the Benjamin report had made it clear that "conspiracy" was out, Crile in responding to the *TV Guide* article continued to hint darkly at much the same thing, writing that Westmoreland suppressed reports "to conceal this discovery of a larger enemy from the American public, the Congress, and perhaps even the President." But again, CBS's own evidence contradicted its thesis. Was President Johnson really so unaware of the intelligence controversy? In another interview left on the CBS cutting room floor, Walt Rostow, former special assistant to LBJ, pooh-poohed the allegations, telling CBS that it was simply "wrong." "The point is," Rostow explained, "Johnson did understand . . . there was a debate, and it was a debate essentially about whether they had underestimated in the past the scale of that guerrilla category. . . ." In other words Westmoreland was not concealing anything from anyone, but simply participating in the legitimate debate that had raged throughout the war over just how the enemy might be counted.

At the center of the dispute, Kowet writes, was the intricate question of "whether a pair of enemy organizations, Self-Defense and Secret Self-Defense units, were sufficiently potent to be included in the monthly military Order of Battle summary." Westmoreland thought not, and had argued against the use of special political cadre figures in intelligence analyses since, in his view, their "inclusion . . . in an estimate of military capabilities was highly questionable . . . they were no more effective in the military sense than the dozens of other nonmilitary organizations which served the VC cause in various roles. . . . " Westmoreland brought the same argument to George Crile and stated that there was a debate between "the theoreticians—really statisticians—at the CIA who wanted to count every old woman and child" and his own troop of "practioners." George Carver of the CIA, on the other hand, thought that they had "underestimated certain categories . . . a complicated structure the aggregate size of which was in the 500,000 range, but not 500,000 in the field. . . . " It is clear that Carver initiated a compromise with MACV in 1967, and in a private meeting with Westmoreland the two men mediated their differences. As Carver himself said at 1975 congressional hearings, the "lumping of disparate types together" that Adams espoused was "as unacceptable to most observers in the CIA as it was to those in military intelligence." In short, the Army and CIA *had* agreed on how to count the enemy.

But what did CBS report? That Westmoreland had imposed a ceiling of 300,000 above which his intelligence officers were forbidden to place their estimates; that he had "blocked reports," fired or transferred intelligence deviants; and finally, that he had obliged the CIA to cave in to MACV's and, by implication, his personal demands. As for checking these conclusions, several key members of MACV and the CIA never appeared on the show: Ellsworth Bunker, former ambassador to South Vietnam; Robert Komer, former special ambassador to South Vietnam; and even George Carver. Perhaps the most startling omission was that of Gen. Philip Davidson—Westmoreland's chief of intelligence—who CBS thought was dying of cancer (in fact, Davidson had just remarried and spent much of his spare time "playing lots of tennis").

General Westmoreland's suit against CBS is still pending, but if he wins the only player guilty of under-estimating the enemy will be CBS itself. It will pay a high price for denying Westmoreland, at the very least, a fair hearing. The strange thing about the whole affair, though, is that those who were once excoriated for *inflating* body counts are now attacked for *minimizing* enemy strength. This is just one example of the paradoxology inherent in the media's analysis of the war. Mr. Kowet's contribution serves, if not as a buffer against, then as a reminder of how far afield some members of the press are willing to travel in order to avoid the real issues of Vietnam. □

WHY ARE THEY LYING TO OUR CHILDREN?

Herbert I. London/Stein and Day/$15.95

Allan C. Carlson

The troubled specter of the Parson Malthus haunts our land. Herbert London, dean of the Gallatin Division of New York University and chairman of the Hudson Institute's Visions of the Future Education Program, tries his hand at ghostbusting in *Why Are They Lying to Our Children?*

London's thesis is bold and simple. "Outdated, inaccurate, biased, and absurd claims have entered our children's texts," he writes, "and, at least for the moment, nothing is being done about it." Most of the civics, history, economics, and "social problems" texts used in our secondary schools, he charges, combine "fire and brimstone logic" with "fear-and-doomsday psychology."

They draw their arguments, he adds, almost verbatim from the Club of Rome's apocalyptic 1972 report "The Limits to Growth," from Jimmy Carter's nightmarish *Global 2000 Report,* and from the interminable "debates" on the "New International Economic Order" at the United Nations. In the books, overpopulation, eco-catastrophe, Western greed, resource shortages, environmental rape, cancer, and radiation are cast as the defining metaphors of the American future. Discussions of environmental problems, London notes, range from "intemperate to hysterical." World economic development is cast in Manichean terms, with the "North" being evil and the "South" being good. Children are taught that the U.S. economy is the cause of global disaster.

A man of common sense, London believes that the view of the future impressed on children affects their attitudes, actions, and morale. He frets that the pessimism and negativism dominating high-school texts is spiritually damaging a whole generation. How can youth devote themselves to future-oriented actions if they're told there won't be any future, he asks? How can young people remain loyal to this nation when its past triumphs are labeled "wasteful, careless, and greedy"? In a foreword to the book, the late Herman Kahn even suggested that the recent dramatic rise in the teenage suicide rate may be due in part to depressing textbooks.

Surely these men exaggerate, some might reply. Unfortunately, London and Kahn actually understate the case. Simply comtemplate these randomly selected excerpts from high-school texts:

"There is increasing awareness that human beings, especially affluent human beings like the Americans, threaten to make the earth unlivable." (*History of a Free People,* Macmillan, 1981)

"Americans have covered the land with cement and asphalt, buildings and highways. . . . To meet our demand for goods, mountains have been stripped bare for lumber and for coal, copper, silver, gold, and other minerals." (*American Civics,* Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1979)

"Who would have guessed that within less than 200 years, a trackless, half-mapped continent could be crisscrossed by super highways, defaced by billboards and tin cans? . . . Who would have believed that a continent, once frightening by its emptiness, would now terrify people by crowding them together." (*A History of the United States,* Ginn, 1981)

"Approximately 130 countries [apparently including Kuwait, Saudi Arabia, Singapore, and South Korea] are referred to as developing nations. . . . They all have one thing in common: abject poverty." (*America! America!* Scott, Foresman, 1982)

" . . . a rundown earth with a runaway population." (*Global Geography,* Macmillan, 1981)

In an important insight, London shows that the purveyors of these textbooks actually have a distinct pedagogical agenda: "What educational philosophers such as John Dewey argued against—a pedagogy based on fear and guilt—has been restored as neo-Puritanism." High-

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school texts depict humankind as "fraught with original sin," desecrating nature and committing numberless crimes against the "third world" and future generations. There is an effort, the author notes, to shame children into being "virtuous" and narrowly doctrinaire about the future, to adopt a new "demonology" in which students are asked to feel guilty, to suffer, and to sacrifice. As Prentice-Hall's *The United States: Combined Edition* (1982), referring to modern Americans, puts it: "Raised on the gospel of progress, few wanted to be told . . . that they must lower their expectations and aspirations; that they would need to exercise self-discipline and be prepared to make sacrifices." Our children's textbooks are now engaged in those "educational" acts. In the face of such environmentalist bilge, London strives to remain a gentleman. He repeats the forgotten truths: that it is science which *improves* the material condition of mankind; that nature uncontrolled is not benign; that the world-wide per capita consumption of food has actually increased over the last thirty years; that there was a *4,000 percent increase* in known mineral reserves between 1950 and 1970 alone; that scarcity—not abundance—is the natural condition of humankind, a condition only overcome in this century through the wonders of science and industrialization; and that air and water pollution levels are actually declining in most parts of the United States. In offering ideas on how to improve the situation, he asks only for fairness, balance, and perspective: the chance to present the alternative to the dominant doomsday scenario. (He couldn't resist one punch below-the-belt, though, noting that "authors and publishers who take delight in a future world of diminished expectations may be helping to create a world without a textbook market too.")

Given the overwhelming dominance of neo-Malthusian thought in public education today, there's wisdom in this moderate agenda. Nonetheless, a fantasy lurks in the back of my head. It involves a world of pure justice, where those who commit moral crimes are actually held accountable for them. More specifically, there's a law in this visionary world making it a crime to force neo-Malthusiasn moonshine down the throats of children.

Mercy survives in my fantasy, I hasten to add. In applying this law, I would go easy on the *authors* of high-school textbooks. They are, after all, mostly "social scientists" who apparently learned their economics in the rarefied atmospheres of faculty lounges. Like children who commit felonies, these writers often don't know any better and can't be held fully responsible for their acts.

But the *publishers* of textbooks are a different story. Unlike the authors, these people actually produce goods in big cities; they know other people really engaged in productive activity; they commonly read *Fortune* and the *Wall Street Journal* and have been exposed to events like oil gluts, the collapse of commodity prices, and the overabundance of food in the world market. They have no excuses.

In my fantasy, those convicted of neo-Malthusian crimes against children would face pure Koranic justice, where the punishment is tailored to the crime. Just as thieves have hands chopped off, these felons would be forced to live the ascetic lifestyle they're trying to shame our children into adopting. No more posh meals at Four Seasons, Twenty-One, or Sardi's; for them, it would be exclusively whole grains. No more penthouses or suburban estates; rather small apartments with no more than one room per person would be assigned. Their heat would come from solar panels; their electricity from a windmill. Their Mercedes would be turned in for pockets full of bus tokens. Their washer-dryers would be traded for washboards.

Justice would triumph. And the rest of us could get on with building a world where we could again anticipate our children being better off than we are. □

HANDS AND HEARTS: A HISTORY OF COURTSHIP IN AMERICA

Ellen K. Rothman/Basic Books/$19.95

Dinesh D'Souza

We tend to behave today as if sex were invented by post-World War II America. This reflects the consensus of sexologists that, before the 1940s, the human libido lacked any vitality or spontaneity, simply saluting the official customs of the day. Even within marriage, sex was said to be barely safe—lucky for its survival that it helped with the business of reproduction. Ellen Rothman is amused by these stereotypes, and at the same time dismissive of them. She shows how sex and courtship since the American Revolution have operated in a complex and often enriching tension with religious, social, and economic *mores*.

Rothman's study is based on the diaries of 350 men and women who do not seem to have been at all laconic about their emotions. Rothman apologizes for her skewed sample, which entirely consists of white, middle-to-upper class Americans. But no chagrin is necessary for neglecting the experience of blacks, immigrants, and the mentally handicapped; relatively few of their number kept diaries and notes and, as Rothman herself points out, those who did were such a small minority that they could not possibly be used as the basis for historical generalization.

Dinesh D'Souza is the author of Falwell: Before the Millennium *(Regnery-Gateway).*

The correspondence of couples during the last two centuries reveals a variety of courtship styles. There is the utilitarian: "As much as I love you," one gentleman said in 1808, "I cannot think of your ever giving yourself to me, unless you can rationally promise yourself that you shall by such a step increase your own felicity." The idealistic: "No other state but that of happy and joyous sex relations can keep this world moving and progressing," as a manual advised in 1912. And the overzealous: "How intensely do I long to see you—to feel you—to put these hands that hold this pen upon you. Yes, on your bosom—that soft, delicious bosom . . . I shall tear you to pieces!"

Ironically, between the years 1770 and 1830, men tended to be more prolix and self-conscious in their correspondence while women's replies tended to be curt, even impersonal in tone. Rothman blames this on what she calls "the prevailing stereotypes of men and women. Women's role was to embody rather than articulate the sentimental ideal."

But this changed during the mid nineteenth-century, with the rise of the romantic novel. Previously, the term "romance" had a negative odor: It suggested indiscretion, rashness, vulgarity. The novel, by creating heroines like Clarissa and Madame Bovary, encouraged women to luxuriate in their emotions and turn them into pretentious prose. Feelings, not rationality, became the official guide for amorous conduct. During this time, Rothman reports, "Americans were beginning to make love between men and women a necessary rather than a desirable precondition for marriage."

Contrary to conventional opinion, the sexual regulations imposed by parents, church, or society were never all that strict. Rothman finds an unusual lack of parental surveillance over children's courtship conduct. Even Puritan families, when they did exercise control, influenced "more the matter of *when* than of *whom* their children would marry"; essentially, most wanted to certify that the man was employable and not still dependent on his parents.

The reason there wasn't much premarital intercourse despite sexual autonomy among adolescents, Rothman discovers, is that "couples defined romantic love so that it included sexual attraction and gratification but excluded coitus. What happened might be called the invention of petting." In other words, sexual intercourse was seen as an expression of a *marital,* not merely romantic, relationship; intermediate forms of affection came to embody premarital affection.

The question of whether being engaged entitles men and women to marital prerogatives has always been hotly debated in the culture. Between 1750 and 1780 one custom that became widespread was "bundling," which allowed engaged couples to sleep together without being undressed. The rationale for "bundling" was that it entitled aspiring life partners to get to know each other, but not physically; the practice became controversial when many a fiancée was discovered in the morning with her nightdress inside out. Still, John Adams defended "bundling" because it provided both "independence and protection," while many preachers regarded it as an invitation to debauchery.

If there is a single sociological principle that emerges from Rothman's broad album of courtship experience, it is that morals develop from the tension between male aggression and carnality, and female modesty and restraint. This is not to say that women have feebler instincts, only that they have the moral strength to overcome them. Thus, they are able to temper the basically nomadic sexual tendencies of men. In fact, in all areas of behavior, because of male *expectations* of female standards, women have a civilizing effect on men. Rothman quotes the abolitionist William Lloyd Garrison:

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"Men would be much better if they acted always as if women were looking at them." Yet, when President Reagan made precisely the same point with his "skin tights" joke to a women's business group, he met with groans of "sexism."

I do not agree with Rothman's suggestion that promiscuity today is not substantively different from a century ago. She vividly re-creates such cultural quirks as the bohemian lifestyle, which developed before World War I when several thousand urban iconoclasts moved to Greenwich Village in New York to manufacture costly art and free love. Then she writes, "Even at a time when record numbers of Americans are delaying marriage, remaining single, or filing for divorce, marriage continues to represent the ideal expression of romantic love and sexual fidelity."

Strictly speaking, this is true, but if marriage has survived, it has survived narrowly; and among intellectuals, it still suffers a certain disrepute. So does virginity: hence the message to American virgins inscribed on college T-shirts—"Thanks for nothing." Nor can one equate the isolated quirks of the bohemians or the eighteenth-century pornographers with the license, infidelity, and abortions that have become *mainstream* in our culture. "Now we talk about relationships, not courtships; about boyfriends and room-mates, not suitors and beaux," Rothman writes. But it is more complex than that.

Another canard that Rothman helps spread is the notion that a woman in the nineteenth century feared marriage because "she might lose control of her life. She would be at the mercy of biology." Children may be considered unwanted and expendable now, but they were seldom viewed with loathing in the past; our ancestors did not have the self-centered view of pleasure and convenience that we do. Rothman reads accounts of women being "apprehensive" and "trembling" on their wedding night and infers that they dread being shackled to kids. But, more likely, theirs is a much broader anxiety about the dramatic change in lifestyle and life status that they are about to enter into.

These indulgences notwithstanding, Rothman's book stays admirably clear of feminist harangue, which it certainly doesn't need; it is funny enough. Unlike feminist writing, which views the world through the perspective of a drinking straw, Rothman's work is opulent in detail and synthetic in its historical sweep. It covers such diverse topics as contraceptive technology, the art of approaching parents for their daughter's hand, designing homes after marriage, wedding gifts and gowns, and baptismal liturgies. What I learned best from this book is that society functions most harmoniously when single women perform the role for which they've been most derided—to generate sexual desire and, simultaneously, to frustrate it. □

PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGNS

Paul F. Boller, Jr./Oxford University Press/$16.95

Terry Eastland

This book has 49 chapters—one for each of the 49 presidential campaigns conducted from 1789 (the only odd-year campaign) through 1980. The chapters begin with a short essay on the candidates and the issues of the campaign and conclude with various "campaign highlights"—amusing incidents, major developments, dramatic happenings, unusual electioneering methods, and remarkable oratory. These highlights seek to lend to the essay approximately what the "color," in a sports broadcast, intends to lend to the play-by-play: texture, flavoring, quick illumination.

Thus, the chapter on the 1844 election contains a brief discussion of territorial expansion in general, the "Texas question" in particular, and also slavery; concise accounts of the nominations of Polk and Clay and their campaigns; and a wrap-up of the election results. The highlights that follow this essay include the stories of a toast Andrew Jackson made to Polk's health and of the grief-stricken reaction to Clay's defeat among some of his long-time followers.

In the chapter on the 1896 election, the introductory essay emphasizes the "money question" that dominated the campaign before moving on to describe the conventions of that year and to discuss the campaign between McKinley and Bryan and its outcome. The subsequent short takes include, among other things, numerous quotes and stories about gold and silver.

The 49 chapters are not long. Indeed, they take only 368 pages, excluding footnotes. Each chapter—each campaign—thus receives on average seven-plus pages, with the shortest chapter some two pages, the longest sixteen.

These short chapters are short on analysis. Indeed, there really is no analysis to speak of. The Electoral College is mentioned only in the context of election results; its relationship to principles of representation and federalism goes unexplored. Similarly, political parties simply appear in this book; there is no explanation for the development of these institutions, which the Constitution did not contemplate and which many American founders did not want.

Furthermore, opinion polls, a fact of campaign life for more than a half century, are cited, but there is no effort made to evaluate opinion polls or, more importantly, to understand the nature of public opinion, what it is and how it is changed. Also, the book duly comments that the 1948 Republican Convention was the first to be televised, but it does not attempt to analyze the enormous impact of television since 1948 on the political parties, the candidates, and the campaigns, including the primaries.

All of this noted, it must be said that a book does not have to be weighty to be worthy. *Presidential Campaigns* is a book of small ambition, but what it aspires to it does well, or at least well enough to merit consideration.

The historical accounts are accurate, marred only by a typographical error or two. The writing is lively, and Paul F. Boller, Jr., a professor of history at Texas Christian University, has the good sense to call dull a campaign that was in fact dull (such as the campaign of 1880) and move on to the next one.

The most serious flaw in *Presidential Campaigns* occurs when Boller attempts to place some recent presidential candidates in the context of their political beliefs. Candidate Reagan, in 1980, has "ultra-rightist" views, but Candidate McGovern, in 1972, is defended as having "more moderate" views than many of the Democratic delegates who supported him at the Miami Beach convention. Boller could just as easily have written that Candidate Reagan had "more moderate" views than many of his supporters and that Candidate McGovern was an "ultra-leftist."

This aside, *Presidential Campaigns* accomplishes its announced goal of showing that our quadrennial political exercises have not only their serious but also their silly and scurrilous sides. Indeed, the book teems with examples of both. →

Terry Eastland is a frequent contributor to The American Spectator.

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION

1. Title of publication: The American Spectator B. Publication no.: 01488414
2. Date of filing: September 19, 1984
3. Frequency of issue: Monthly A. No. of issues published annually: 12 B. Annual subscription price: $21.00.
4. Complete mailing address of known office of publication: The American Spectator, 102 West Sixth St., Bloomington, Monroe, IN 47402
5. Complete mailing address of the headquarters of general business offices of the publisher: Same
6. Full names and complete mailing address of publisher, editor, and managing editor:
Publisher: Ronald E. Burr, 102 West Sixth St., Bloomington, IN 47402
Editor: R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr., 102 West Sixth St., Bloomington, IN 47402
Managing Editor: Wladyslaw Pleszczynski, 102 West Sixth St., Bloomington, IN 47402
7. Owner: The American Spectator Educational Foundation, Inc., 102 West Sixth St., Bloomington, IN 47402
8. Known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities: None
9. For completion by Nonprofit organizations authorized to mail at special rates: The purpose, function, and nonprofit status of this organization and the exempt status for Federal income tax purposes has not changed during preceding 12 months

	Average No. Copies Each issue during preceding 12 months	Actual no. copies of single issue published nearest to filing date
10. Extent and nature of circulation:		
A. Total no. copies:	45,217	45,100
B. Paid circulation:		
1. Sales through dealers and carriers, street vendors and counter sales	2,309	2,195
2. Mail subscription	35,321	35,397
C. Total paid circulation:	37,630	37,592
D. Free distribution by mail carrier or other means samples, complimentary, and other free copies:	1,090	1,277
E. Total distribution:	38,720	38,869
F. Copies not distributed:		
1. Office use, left over, unaccounted, spoiled after printing	4,756	4,574
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G. Total:	45,217	45,100

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My favorite in the silliness category is a statement Alf Landon made in the 1936 campaign: "Wherever I have gone in this country, I have found Americans." As for scurrility, it is hard to find one attack to beat all others. Doubtless few candidates ever had it as rough as Jefferson in 1796, when he was called an "atheist," "anarchist," "demagogue," "coward," "mountebank," "trickster," and "Franco-maniac," and whose followers were called "cut-throats who walk in rags and sleep amidst filth and vermin."

Presidential Campaigns is more accurately a volume of Americana than one of politics or history. The man who so famously said, "What this country needs is a good five-cent cigar," was Thomas Marshall of Indiana, the Democratic vice-presidential candidate in 1912. The last President to write his own speeches was Herbert Hoover. "Happy Days Are Here Again" was sung at the 1932 Convention because some of FDR's advisers thought his choice of a nominating song, "Anchors Aweigh," sounded too much like a "funeral march."

Like his previous book of similar design, *Presidential Anecdotes,* which was published in 1981, Boller's *Presidential Campaigns* deserves a place on the shelf of anyone interested in American politics, especially those who write about it. The book is a valuable resource, full of basic facts, quotes, and stories about our every fourth year indulgence in the now yearlong race for the White House. And it appears in the bookstores with shrewd timing. Happy Days! □

". . . AND LADIES OF THE CLUB"

Helen Hooven Santmyer/Putnam/$19.95

Cynthia Grenier

The summer of 1984 was certainly the appropriate time to publish ". . . *And Ladies of the Club,*" celebrating as it does several generations worth of "rock-ribbed Republicans" in Ohio, the state which has given this nation seven distinguished Republican Presidents.

It is thus not by chance that this book has been the object of reviews in the liberal press ranging from the mildly disparaging to the downright hostile. The 88-year-old author Helen Hooven Santmyer has been accused of being "insensitive," racist, and anti-Semitic. Nasty charges designed to put off as many readers as possible—charges, interestingly enough, that are without foundation.

Speaking through a minor character on page 1169, seven pages from the end of the novel, author Santmyer sets forth quite simply her intentions:

> She felt ready to go to work on the book she had set her heart on writing: a long one, covering several generations of life in a small midwestern city: the sort of thing that had been popular a few years back, like *Jean-Christophe* and *Remembrance of Things Past* and *The Forsyte Saga.* She laughed at herself ruefully: she was no Galsworthy, much less a Rolland or a Proust. But she would like to write an answer to Sinclair Lewis, whose *Main Street* had made her so angry after a decade she seethed when she thought of it. She hoped that times [1932] would be better when she had finished, or no publisher would look at it, nor anyone have the patience to read it. But there was a chance that, after the depression had somehow been dealt with, some readers might still be interested in what she felt compelled to do: *Old America changing, while New America seemed to be tumbling about one's ears.* (my italics)

The omniscient voice of the author rarely intrudes upon the narrative of this book. Primarily Miss Santmyer is concerned with reflecting as faithfully as possible the sensibilities and *mores* of another age. It would be artistically misplaced to insert godlike pronouncements of a Yuppy sensibility into the narrative, lamenting, say, the plight of blacks (termed Negroes throughout in keeping with period usage) or yearning for affirmative action and quotas.

As for the charge of anti-Semitism it comes down, we find, to the one-time use of the term "huckster" on page 93 to describe the profession of a minor, sympathetic Jewish character. The word is being used in the longtime meaning of peddler, itinerant salesman. It is perfectly clear from the context that no defamatory intent is meant, which makes criticism of the author on this point not merely excessive but in downright bad faith.

As for the novel itself, Proust it indeed is not, as its author is aware, but perhaps a comparison with Galsworthy is not far off the mark. " . . . *And Ladies of the Club*" is a serious, unsentimental, above all stoic look at life in the small Ohio town of Waynesboro from the immediate aftermath of the Civil War to the election of FDR, a span of 64 years. The author, who is reported to have worked and re-worked her material for over fifty years, is concerned more with "the relentlessness of time" than with producing a conventionally plotted novel designed to keep the reader turning pages ever faster. There is no golden glow of a more innocent past, nor is there any vision of a perfect utopia coming one day on earth. "To live happily is an inward power of the soul," one of the quotations from Marcus Aurelius used by Miss Santmyer, might well be the message of the book. People draw on their own moral strength or on religion to see themselves through difficult and trying times. If there can be no easy solutions, the characters know how to bear their troubles with courage and dignity.

Reading *Ladies* is rather like being transported by a time machine to witness the daily life, small dramas, and occasional tragedies of another age. The main plot-line deals with two best friends, Anne Alexander Gordon, the doctor's daughter, and Sally Corcoran Rausch, the banker's daughter; their marriages to Civil War veterans, their children and grandchildren. Through Sally's husband, Ludwig, an ambitious German immigrant, we venture out of the women's world into that of business and politics as he sets up and develops a factory for making rope, becoming in time a local Republican power broker. The women remain keenly interested in politics throughout the long book.

What makes Miss Santmyer's novel unusual, however, is not really what happens to her protagonists, but rather the way she presents so much of the lives of her secondary, often minor characters. Almost without exception they are women—women who sometimes die young or live out very long lonely lives. They come alive on the page with an extraordinary vividness. Most are poor, struggling to maintain themselves in a society in which they are largely marginal. Just as the changing fashions in dress and decor are meticulously recorded for the Gordon and Rausch homes, so are the sagging stockings, bustle-less gowns, and drab quarters described for society's orphans. Victims or rebels they are to a woman unself-pitying, and if not always strong are most assuredly stoic in their attitude to life: Mary McCune, wife of the Reverend Mr. McCune, "a little grasshopper of a man," pregnant with her sixth child and dying from tuberculosis. Amanda Reid, spinster bluestocking who prefers the integrity of her lonely life to marriage with the bereaved widower McCune. Agatha Pinney, elderly schoolteacher addicted to landanum who chooses suicide, masking it as an accident in a desperate effort to end with dignity. Ariana, minister McCune's daughter who runs away with a circus hand only to return to die tended devotedly by an unmarried middle-aged woman in that woman's one act of true charity. Kate Gordon, sister-in-law of one of the protagonists, independent farm woman who commits suicide when one of the young girls she has befriended runs off to marry.

The author seems to understand these women intimately, viewing them with a compassion that never once falls into sentimentality. Indeed, her writing in these passages becomes remarkably energized. Her critics, secure in their unassailable sense of virtue, manage to ignore these admirable portraits of the injured, lonely, and damned.

No less distasteful to these critics doubtless is the strong sense of patriotism underlying the book. The memory of the Civil War hovers over the whole story. The men who experienced it forever feel its traces, remembering it not as a time of glory but as a time of testing of their souls. There is a sense that war is a terrible thing, but that sometimes it is necessary to risk dying for your country.

But what surely convinced Miss Santmyer's adversaries that she is the enemy of the liberals is her passage on FDR—a passage whose spirit is echoed in Paul Johnson's admirable *Modern Times*:

> " . . . that Roosevelt. I don't suppose he's ever known a poor man in his life, and he's no idealist: he knows very well that there are many who would rather be poor than work, and he's promising that the government will take care of them. It sounds like the decline of the Roman Empire to me: bread and circuses. And once the people get the idea that the government has an obligation to support its citizens, there'll be no end to what they will demand. America will be a long toboggan slide downhill to Socialism."

Cynthia Grenier, a movie producer, is a former senior editor at Ballantine Books.

Coming Next Month

Books For Christmas

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The book closes with two thoughts, one from Marcus Aurelius: "What a small portion of vast and infinite eternity it is, that is allowed unto every one of us, and how soon it vanisheth into the general age of the world." The other from the Book of Job: "Out of the darkness He bringeth out to light the shadow of death." The second is the message the protagonist leaves to her great-granddaughter. Not your usual New Age pieties, by any means.

One can only wish Miss Santmyer many years to enjoy this late-coming fame and good fortune. One thing seems sure: She at least will not have to despair like her 82-year-old heroine faced with the election of FDR, "I don't want to die and leave the country in the hands of the Democrats!" That, Miss Santmyer, I think you need not worry about. □

CORRESPONDENCE

(continued from page 7)

evidence of lifestyle changes, he could start by reading the article by the Pattisons in the December 1980 issue of the *American Journal of Psychiatry*. He could follow this by getting hold of the 1981 AMA publication "Sexual Problems in Medical Practice" where he will learn that a considerable number of homosexuals "wishing change and who remain in treatment [can] become exclusively heterosexual." Regarding hepatitis, we pointed out that the B variety is now largely a homosexual venereal disease (consult the *British Journal of Venereal Diseases* vol. 53, p. 190, 1977 and vol. 57, p. 196, 1980). Our "intelligent guess" concerned the mode of spread of the non-A, non-B hepatitis. The point about a threat to human life was a matter raised by the editor of *Nature* (March 8, 1984) who questioned whether this always fatal disease (AIDS) could become "a more generalized infection of people." Please read more carefully, Mr. Edwards, and please learn to speak from a factual basis.

The Sociological Critic

Two cheers for John Podhoretz's refreshing *mea culpa* as a movie critic ("Confessions of a Critic" (*TAS*, September 1984). His efforts to include others in his mistakes, however, are subject to correction.

Of his three categories of critic (Consumerist, Academic, and Sociological) the first two are justly noted and dismissed. But there must be something wrong with an aesthetic theory which lumps all the rest of us under the wastebasket term "Sociological."

This is the category I would place myself in; the form was pioneered by Robert Warshow and Manny Farber.

Robert Warshow possibly. But Manny Farber? It is ignorant to equate the two: Warshow wrote and thought like a sociologist; may even have been one—Manny was totally innocent of any such knowledge. What he had was a keen painter's eye (no great asset), a sufficient fund of common sense or humor, and a canny sense of who his mentors were.

Otis Ferguson (late of the *New Republic*) and Jim Agee (a friend at *Time*)—these were the true pioneers of American movie criticism. Eclectic, traditional, even "literary" sensibilities—in every way opposed to the mere social sciences—these were the models which Manny Farber set himself. Superseding all those real German sociologists—whose names began with "K" and who had all discovered *Potemkin*—the real birth of movie criticism was, if anything, *anti*-sociological.

Coterminously, in the early fifties, a forward-looking man (Pete Martin) decided to start a magazine devoted to the pop arts entirely. This was *City Lights* (no relation to the later Ferlinghetti production). I was given the near-hopeless task of working up a viable "aesthetic theory" for pop art. Fortunately following a hint thrown out by W.H. Auden, I stumbled on a near-unknown English philosopher, R.G. Collingwood (*Principles of Art*, 1938)—which I recommend to Mr. Podhoretz.

If he could correlate his boyish nostalgia for movies with his adult conviction that Cinema will never be an art-form, he may yet enjoy such classics as *Children of Paradise* and thus become a critic.

—Marjorie Farber
San Francisco, California

Raising Canes

T. John Jamieson's essay on the well-dressed conservative ("Dressed to Kill: The Conservative Exterior," *TAS*, August 1984) did well to mention that important article of apparel, the cane.

I got my first cane in college, as a gift from my girlfriend—a socialist, but with good instincts (she is now slightly to the right of me). Since then, I have acquired several more.

The prize of the collection is a thick, black-shafted stick with a gold top, a present from my mother-in-law who found it in a Cincinnati antique shop. The inscription on the head is in German—Cincinnati used to be a German town—and it was presented to some long-dead burgher on his *Geburtstag*.

This is a heavy-duty piece; it only goes with tails. I have a slimmer stick, of similar design, which will accompany a tux, or a Prince of Wales suit provided I wear a dark tie (or one that's bright red). In the same category belongs a cane I found on the Ponte Vecchio, which conceals an ivory dice box in the head.

More informal still is a black stick with a crocodile-shaped handle, and my former girlfriend's gift, now sadly corroded, but still serviceable. The only cane I ever found appropriate for spring and summer was a Chinese bamboo, with carved animal heads peeking out of the shaft (their behinds are visible on the other side).

Cane-owning is not without problems. At 6'4", I rarely find one tall enough. Carrying a cane and an umbrella is clumsy, so I only take them out on sunny days. Some hostesses also worry about carelessly wielded sticks sweeping away their *chachkas*. "Are you hurt?" one asked me when I showed up to her party, cane in hand. "No," I said, "this is an affectation." "Well, then," said she, "will you please leave your affectation in the hall?"

I did. But I still, when the spirit moves, swing it happily down the street.

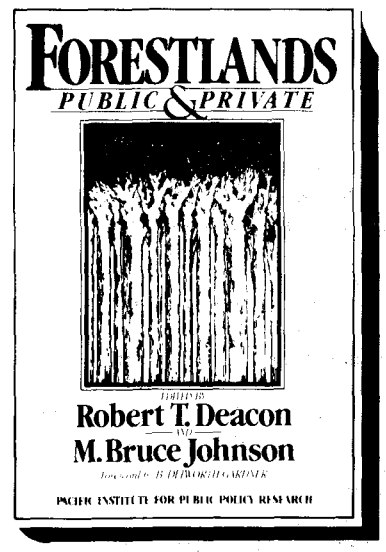
—Richard Brookhiser
New York, New York

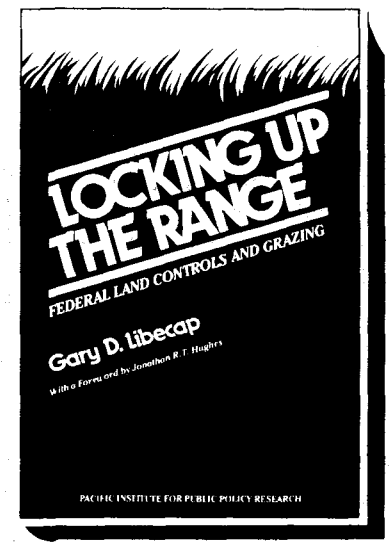
Cry for Help

In my university days in the United States, I used to read *The American Spectator* for enjoyment. Now I would like to use *The American Spectator* to ask for help. I am a Zambian engineer, both a Christian and a conservative. With some friends I have formed a small group to help alleviate the severe drought this area of Africa is experiencing. There's so much talk of socialism around here that those in power have virtually forgotten that we have had no rain. Our group needs old clothes; we need powdered milk. We are building a dormitory for the enfeebled that will cost $45,000—we need to raise $26,000 from outside sources. The situation here is desperate, and we will owe our lives to all who help us. If you can, send your donations to: Attention—Operation Drought, Box 45, Simango, Livingstone, Zambia. C. Africa.

Thank you.—*Wilson Synchollecker*
Simango, Livingstone
Zambia

BUREAUCRACY VS. ENVIRONMENT





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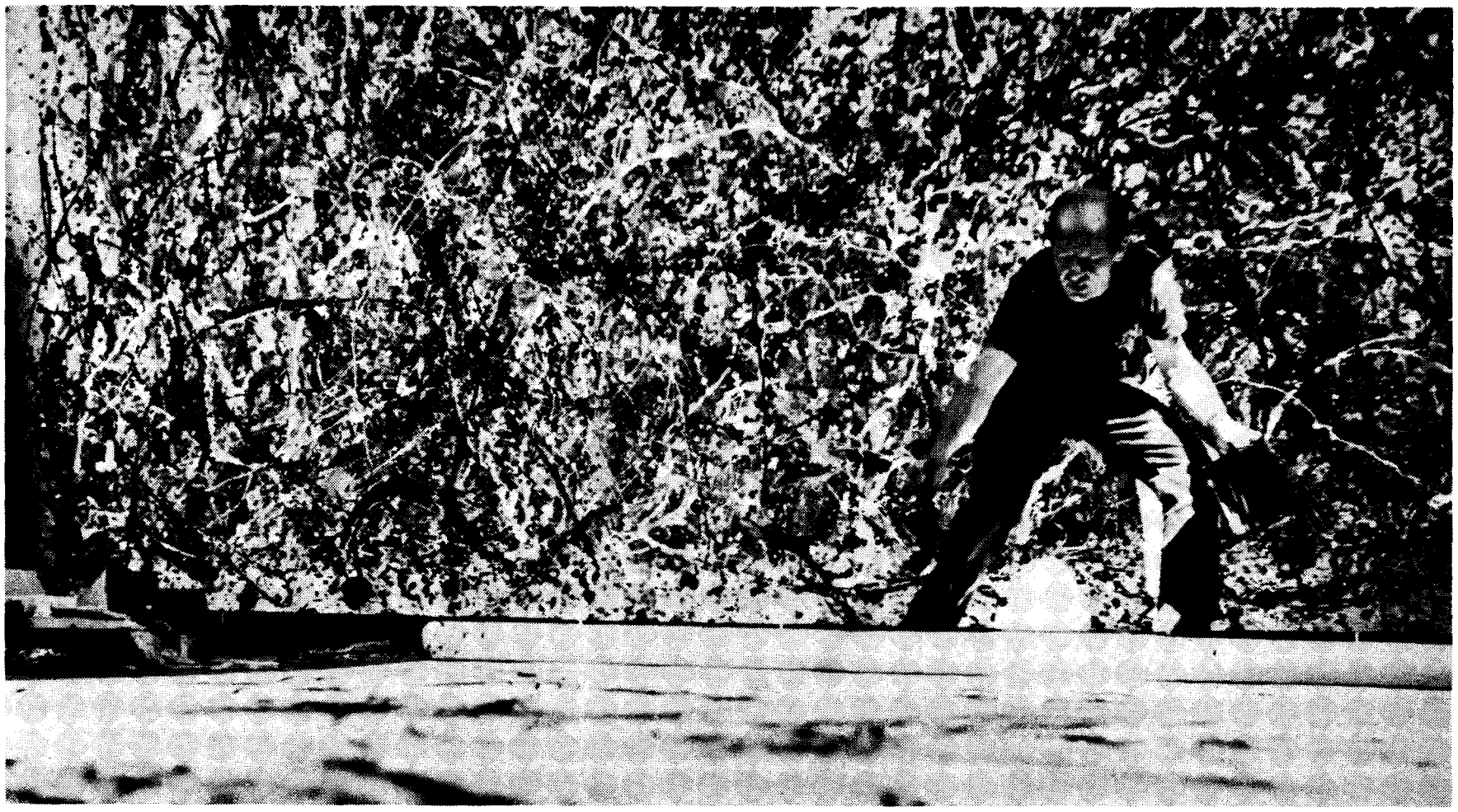

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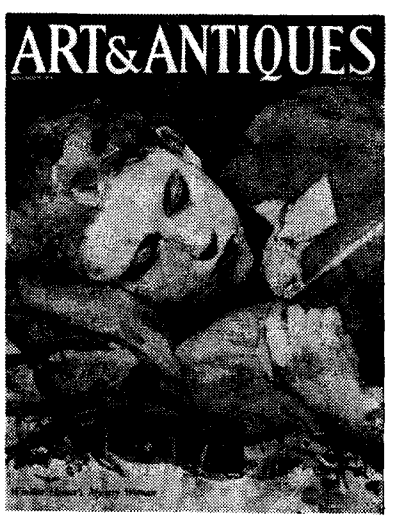

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CURRENT WISDOM

Grapevine Weekly Magazine

Observations of another concerned citizen:

To the Editor:
The militant government of the United States under the tyranny of Ronald Reagan is a rogue elephant terrorizing the world community.

From the saturation bombardment of the civilian-occupied hillsides of Beirut—in support of the Falangist (fascist) mass murderers of Shatilla—to the propping up of a right-wing government in El Salvador whose *de facto* strategy for social peace is intimidation by institutionalized death squads, the Beast of Reagan foreign adventure casts its shadow over the globe.

[May 24-30, 1984]

The Nation

Chivalry denied as the real he-man of Campaign '84 asserts herself with that inimitable cosmopolitan wit:

But even in the midst of an uproar that would have made less stalwart candidates quail, Ferraro continues to be taunted by men seemingly unable to cope with the fact that the Vice-Presidential nominee is a woman. After she told columnist George Will on national television that he should apologize for a piece he did on her disclosure problems, Will sent her a dozen roses with a note saying she was "cute" when she was mad.

"Vice Presidents aren't cute," Ferraro informed him by phone.

[September 8, 1984]

Los Angeles Times

Lapidary pontifications and observations of a stone-headed sort from Dr. Michael Scher, psychologist and agent of the Center for Creative Alternatives:

For example, it's OK for women to meet with a hug and a kiss, he suggested, but if men try it, they're immediately labeled "fags"; if two men get up and dance together, they're "tossed out" or ridiculed. Even close non-sexual male friendship, Scher said, draws society's frown.

Sports provide the "approved" way for men to have contact, he suggested:

"Men are allowed to play football, to be real violent and knock each other on the ground. And maybe if they win the game, they're allowed to pat each other on the butt, or to hug each other when they reach the end zone."

"The healthy man," Scher said, "can go out and spend the afternoon playing tennis or soccer, then go home and cook a vegetarian meal or clean house and wash clothes. Those are qualities of independence; men should feel comfortable with them."

[August 8, 1984]

University of Iowa Spectator

Gastronomic outrage from a noted picure, Ralph Nader at the University of Iowa:

Madison Avenue's most successful advertising ploy is the hot dog, that you can sell such slop—fat, water, miscellaneous debris, including Reagan's latest allowable additive, crushed bone, and rope string—and have you like it, and defend it . . .

What if all that brilliant advertising was directed toward nutrition, consumer awareness, and regulating, or toward educating people to get the best medical care they can?

[June 1984]

New York Times

On the amazing op-ed page of the *Times* Mr. Tom Turnipseed speaks autobiographically to prove either his life-long commitment to charlatanry or to imbecility:

As executive director of the South Carolina Independent School Association, from 1965 to 1967, I was a leader in establishing 43 private, all-white academies in South Carolina. As a part-time minister in the Southern Methodist Church, I preached fundamentalism and racial segregation after resigning from the United Methodist Church because of its liberalism. As an aide to Gov. George C. Wallace of Alabama and his national campaign director in 1970-71, I helped the Gov'nuh blame it all on those "integrating, scallywagging, race-mixing, pointy-headed liberals who can't even park their bicycles straight." Few are better credentialed than I in liberal-baiting.

Tragically, a simple word like liberal conjures up all kinds of evil in the minds of those who have been so carefully taught to hate and fear. To the carefully taught, liberals taking over means the blacks and the women and the Communists are taking over. I hope we don't have a liberal-hating majority of voters in the South or the nation, as the Administration and its letter-writing friends are counting on. It could even be that more and more folks like me who never thought of themselves as liberals are so turned off by the rhetoric of the liberal-haters that we might just realize we are liberals and proud of it.

Just the other day, a liberal patriot wrote a thank-God-for-liberals letter to a local paper. He reminded us that without the efforts of liberal patriots like Washington, Jefferson and Patrick Henry, we might still be a British colony. The Conservatives, or Tories, opposed the Revolution because they had so many rich friends and connections in England.

If it is liberalism to feel empathy for the suffering, to work to improve the human condition, to realize our ecological responsibility to all forms of life, to aspire to the ideals of truth, freedom, peace and justice, then call me liberal.

[August 30, 1984]

Washington Post

More prissy observations from Haynes Johnson, but one of the Republic's many prophets of matriarchy:

Down in Texas, the president and vice president don cowboy hats and pose alongside young cheerleaders displaying bare midriffs, belly buttons and ample bosoms.

A few days later we see another political rally in Texas, and a female Lone Star State politician draws thunderous roars from a crowd when she introduces Ferraro by saying, in her thick Southwest drawl, "We don't need cheerleaders to stir enthusiasm like Ronald Reagan."

My hunch is that the Reagan-Bush yippie-yea bump-and-grind cowgirl scene stirs unfavorable reactions among women who might not feel inclined to say so out loud. It's part and parcel of the dirty jokes privately making the rounds of the country since Ferraro was named on the Democratic ticket.

[August 5, 1984]

Wall Street Journal

The quality of American justice 15 years into a spree of reform politics unsurpassed since the ride of Attila:

Mr. Pope dismisses the argument that innocent homeowners might suffer under the new laws. "We haven't gone after little old ladies who had barrels of hazardous waste dumped in their backyards," he says. The state, he notes, pays for such small cleanups, focusing instead on big, "guilty" polluters.

That's not the case in California. There, says Joel S. Moskowitz, who heads the state's hazardous-waste program, the state recently pursued a "distinctly non-wealthy couple" who bought a small house in rural Northern California—and later found the property contaminated with polychlorinated biphenyls, or PCBs. When the couple couldn't come up with the $20,000 cleanup price, the state slapped them with a $25,000-a-day fine.

[August 1, 1984]

National Catholic Register

Neo-Christian mysteries extruded by Rosemary Radford Ruether, swami-in-residence of the Garrett-Evangelical Theological Seminary and a very competent cook:

Instead men must recognize patriarchy for what it is, as the incarnation of the spirit of rape, genocide and war, of ecocide and necrophilia, and flee from it for their lives. Only then can there be an authentic joining of men and women together as the *ecclesia* of the new humanity which is in the process of exodus from the land of death and into the land of promise of new life for all creation.

[March 23, 1984]

The Futurist

A Mr. Burnham P. Beckwith speaks of the past to fellow left-wing amnesics:

It is true that France and Italy had large communist parties in 1948. Indeed, communists were then in de Gaulle's cabinet. But it was already apparent that they would not soon achieve full power in either country and that, if they ever did, they would not behave as Orwell predicted they would in his book *1984*. We can be confident of this because we know how communists behaved when they came to power in Hungary, Romania, Poland, and other East European states. In all these countries, the communist leaders avoided foreign wars and achieved great and almost continuous economic progress.

[December 1983]

Syracuse Post-Standard

The heroic report of another modern Quixote: Bonnie Bridson, unlicensed but still dangerous:

To the Editor:
I went to the Women's Peace Encampment this week. It was an awkward trip—rides, walking and two different buses, since I don't drive. I'm 41, the mother of four children, and I work for a living.

I went because the cause of world peace has now become more important to me than inconvenience and ridicule. Finally there is a place where one can sign their name and be counted as opposed to this unceasing preparation for war.

I carried with me a statue of Mary of Nazareth. To me it represents the memory of a mother whose son preached peace . . . and was killed for it.

I signed in at the encampment and had morning coffee with some of the women there. We discussed life, children, causes and peace. I saw no "witches." I was not "approached" by lesbians.

After coffee, I walked the mile or so to the depot gate. Placing the statue on the grass, I sat down and quietly prayed for peace. After a time, some little children came and threw stones at me and then ran laughing into the depot.

[July 31, 1984]

Washington Post

New depths of Liberal Guilt plumbed by Dr. Richard Cohen, the Washington Voltaire who always taps out his sagacious lines with violin music just off stage:

The exploitation of Vanessa Williams continues apace. First she was exploited by the photographer who took nude pictures of her and then by Bob Guccione, the bejeweled and be-sleazed publisher of Penthouse, then by the Miss America pageant and now, in a way, by me—a columnist who knows a juicy subject when he sees one.

[July 25, 1984]

The Progressive

Sit tough—the rigorous political analysts at the *Progressive* asseverate a far-sighted policy for bringing the Age of Aquarius to the land of the Politburo:

However indirectly, the people of the Soviet Union do have a voice in shaping policy—and even Americans can have an impact on the decisions made in the Kremlin. By demanding an end to the arms race and repudiating the bullyboy belligerence of the Reagan Administration, Americans can give Soviet peace activists some breathing and jockeying space. But until we change our own Government's policies, it is pointless to expect any significant shift in the Soviet Union's.

[April 1984]

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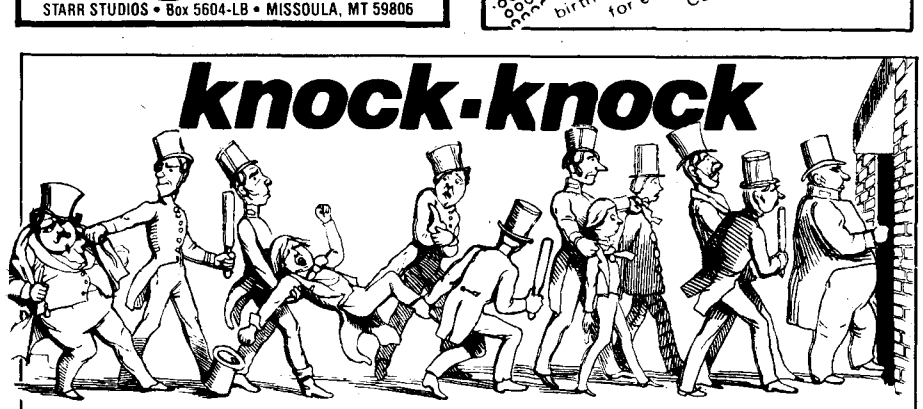

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TUCKER

(continued from page 25)

A second alternative was suggested to me on the pates of the *New York Daily News*. A few months ago, someone wrote a letter to the editor pointing out that married women who are holding down good jobs are taking work away from other families in which *no one* is employed. This wasn't fair, they said, Married women shouldn't be allowed to work if their husbands already have an income.

Somebody wrote in immediately to say that this suggestion "discriminated against women." But then a third person came up with a novel solution. Why not limit each family to one breadwinner, they said, *either male or female.* That way we could have a better distribution of income *without* practicing "sex discrimination."

It's not a bad idea—a brilliant compromise, really. But I don't really think it could work either. The old system of one-breadwinner-per-family probably functioned precisely because it was so informal and uncodified—and because we didn't have armies of lawyers trying to make money by discovering new forms of "discrimination" within the system. The whole idea of trying to recreate a rough justice by restricting anyone's "rights" would never make it through the courts. In the end, I'm afraid we're stuck with what we have today—a free-for-all of "every man and woman for him/her/self."

There *is* a strong argument, however, that everyone *does* benefit from the new system. Ironically, it lies in the realm of supply-side economics. Wealth distribution, so this argument goes, is not simply a matter of dividing up a fixed pie. It is also a matter of how big a pie we make. Women obviously have enormous talents to contribute to the system. By helping society make a bigger pie, women are ensuring that everyone will get a bigger piece—even if some of the old redistributional equities are lost in the process. I find this argument very convincing.

Thus, the best defense for women competing in the work force is—ironically—the same argument we have used for reducing confiscatory taxation and freeing up the productive sector through supply-side economics. It may seem unfair for the rich to have their tax rates lowered, just as it may seem unfair that both the husband and wife in an affluent marriage should be able to make high salaries, while some poor high-school drop-out makes less than each. But in the long run, both practices should create a more productive society, which will eventually benefit everyone. I am confident that anyone willing enough to accept the logic of one of these arguments will be gracious enough to accept the irrefutable good sense of the other.

What impresses me most, though, is the degree to which our success as a society still depends almost irreversibly on how well men and women get along with each other. It is so *expensive* to have a culture riddled by divorce and "one-parent" children. It is financially devastating to the people involved, and even more expensive for a society that has to gerrymander public institutions to substitute for the basic efficiencies of the nuclear family. (There are estimates that the entire housing shortage on Manhattan's East Side—in addition to being the result of rent control—is due to the number of divorced men and women seeking separate but equal apartments.)

There is a basic economic efficiency in the nuclear family that is essentially impossible to replace—not to mention the emotional and personal satisfactions it offers most people. The family is a most durable institution that will survive all kinds of social change. Thus, when feminists like Joan Wallach Scott tell us that "social planners [should now] consider whether the nuclear family is the best form of organization of biological reproduction and child care," we can be assured that—whoever these bizarre people may be—they will eventually discover—if they are honest—that the nuclear family is still by far the most efficient way to organize a society.

In the end, there is probably nothing wrong with a system in which men and women rearrange their child-care and homemaking tasks so that they can compete equally on the job market. It probably takes away some upward mobility from people on the lower rungs of the ladder, but that is something some future generation of reformers will have to solve.

The only thing that is aggravating is having to listen to pompous feminists and ambitious attorneys argue that we have to pass huge amounts of money their way to undo the "past injustices of the system."

We are doing no such thing. All we are doing is trading an arrangement that was socially conscious in trying to distribute wealth equitably among *families,* for another that is based more on atomism, individualism, and personal efforts and abilities, without as much regard for social consequence.

In the end, the only thing we can really say about the new system is that it bears an awfully strong resemblance to capitalism itself. □

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